

ing Suits

CEMENTS,
Anthracite Coal,
Blacksmith Coal
Jellico
Co., N. S.UNPROACHABLE
BARGAINS!Offered Tomorrow
AT
M. RICH & CO.'SGRAND
Millinery OpeningSunday, Tuesday and
Wednesday, March
20th, 21st, 22d.THE GRANDEST COLLECTION
OF SEASONABLE ATTIRE
ever presented in
High's is the fashionable
center for exquisite Novelties
Dress Goods and Silks, and
all the various lines of sty-
lish Goods and Millinery.SILK DEPARTMENT
Here you will find dis-
tinctive variety, all the
rich designs in fine
evening and dinner costumes,
latest effects, styles and

Offered Tomorrow:

50 pieces figured Chinas and
all the newest colors
effects, at \$1 a yard.10 yards Washable Habutai
solid shades, stripes and
dots, worth 75c; to go at 45c per
piece party shades Bengaline
at 98c a yard.50 pieces figured Dress Chinas
at a yard.100 yards Silk Suits, Glace stripe,
Ombre, illuminated dots,
effects, the acme of perfect-
ness, the weavers' art, \$15 to \$125
per yard.10 yards solid Changeable Taf-
tah, the dollar grade at 75c per
yard.50 pieces Black Gros Grain Dress
Goods, regular \$1.35 quality at 98c

in Dress Goods

Coming new escapes our watch-
ers. We have everything
to American and European
style. Our line; get our prices, and
you will be pleased.

Offered Tomorrow:

50 pieces illuminated Fancies, 42
and nearly all wool, hand-
woven and elegant in design and
color, 35c a yard.100 pieces all-wool 40-inch check
and diagonal Mixtures, 49c a yard.
100 pieces black and white
Satinings, all wool, 38 inches
wide, worth 50c.100 pieces half-wool Challies, choice
of 47c a yard.100 pieces fine Imported Challies,
dark ground, beautiful pat-
terns, 50c a yard.100 pieces English Whip Cords,
newest shades, 57c worth100 pieces Poplins, 19 different
shades, 25c, worth \$1.Offered Tomorrow:
You want an elegant suit—one
different from your neighbor's
with the choicest shading
of 1893—you should see
our magnificent assortment
of German and American
Suits, no two alike, no du-
ples in the south.Offered Tomorrow:
Black Goods.Job lot fine Cambric, Mull and
Nainsook Embroideries; anything
in lot worth 25c; to go at 15c per
yard.Offered Tomorrow:
Silk Warp Henrietta
the true mourning
color, \$1.39 quality; tomorrow.Offered Tomorrow:
Silk Warp Henrietta
the true mourning
color, \$1.39 quality; tomorrow.Black Silk Warp Drap de Alma,
\$1.60; worth \$2.25.10 pieces black silk finish Hen-
rietta, 73c, cheap at \$1.Black English Serge, 40 inches
wide and all wool, 49c; worth 75c.Ladies' Wraps and
Suits.Splendid line of spring Capes
and Jackets.50 spring Capes on sale Monday
at \$2.50 each, cheap at \$5.One lot Ladies' fine cloth Capes,
worth \$12.50, special at \$7.50.One lot Ladies' late style cloth
Capes, with velvet yoke, \$12; worth
\$20.Ladies' Velvet Butterfly Capes,
latest novelty, \$15 each.197 Storm Serge Eton and Blazer
Suits in tans, blue, black, green and
tobacco brown, \$7.50; worth \$12.50.New line of Cape Suits, Bolero
Suits, and the novelties of the sea-
son.67 light weight Spring Jackets,
worth \$10, Monday \$5 each.Big line China Silk waists at \$4.
300 Ladies' Percale Waists at
39c each.50 Ladies' Wash Silk Waists at
\$5 worth \$7.50.

Carpets.

The extreme low prices made in
Carpets makes this branch of our
business very popular just now.
Whether you have one room, a
dwelling or hotel to furnish, you do
yourself an injustice by not coming
to see us.50 rolls all wool Ingrain Carpets,
new patterns, at 65c a yard.40 rolls Tapestry Brussels Carpets
at 75c.57 rolls Body Brussels Carpets
at \$1.Fine Moquette Carpets at \$1,
worth \$1.35 a yard.Grand selection of fine Axminster,
Wilton and Velvet Carpets,
patterns and designs not to be seen
elsewhere.GRAND
Millinery OpeningMonday, Tuesday and
Wednesday, March
20th, 21st, 22d.2,000 Linen Window Shades,
with borders, on spring rollers, at
25c each.200 pairs fine Lace Curtains, 4
yards long, they have been selling
at \$4.50 a pair, Monday only, \$2.69
a pair.Special sale of made-up Rugs and
art squares this week.Awnings for stores and dwellings
made and put up on short notice.

Linens.

HOUSEKEEPERS' SPECIALS:

100 dozen large size Linen Huck
Towels, the 25c kind, Monday, at
19c each.90 dozen 22x40 Damask Towels,
worth 25c; for tomorrow at 15c
each.10 pieces 68-inch Bleached Table
Damask; special at 59c a yard.1 lot fine Turkish Bath Towels,
white and colored, to go at 19c,
worth 25c.10 pieces Turkey Red Table
Damask, at 33c a yard; sold always
at 50c.100 6-4 Chenille Table Covers,
with fringe, \$1 each.

White Goods.

Tomorrow we offer 5,000 yards
Sheer White India Satin Plaids,
worth 20c, at only 12.5c a yard.

Handkerchiefs.

On bargain counter tomorrow a
job lot of about 209 dozen Ladies'
and Gents' fine Handkerchiefs,
worth from 12.5c to 25c each, for
Monday, 9c.

Embroideries.

Job lot fine Cambric, Mull and
Nainsook Embroideries; anything
in lot worth 25c; to go at 15c per
yard.

Gloves.

The most serviceable and best
fitting Glove in the market is our
Ladies' 4-button Dressed Kid.
Try a pair. Fitted and guaranteed.

Hosiery.

200 dozen Ladies' Lisle Thread
Hose, warranted stainless, 33.5c,
worth 50c.300 dozen Children's tan and red
Hose, fast colors, only 15c a pair.300 dozen imported Half Hose,
tans, black and unbleached Balbriggan
12.5c.150 dozen Ladies' fast black
Hose, made of combed Maco
cotton, double sole, high spliced heel
and reinforced toe, 33.5c; worth
50c.

Shoes.

Ladies' kid button Boots, opera
heel and common sense toe, \$1.50;
worth \$2.50.Ladies' cloth top, patent leather
tip kid button Shoes reduced from
\$3 to \$2 a pair.One lot of Bolton's Ladies' hand
sewed Shoes, that were \$3.50, \$4
and \$5, now \$2.Men's Calf Shoes, hand welt,
\$2.50; worth \$4.

Special prices in Children's Shoes.

OUR BUYER
REMAINSin
MARKET.
EVERY DAYSomething Surprisingly
Attractive Arrives.He confirms the report that this
will be a

GREAT LACE SEASON

and has

Purchased an Immense Stock

of

Point Applique,

Point de Venice,

Orientals, Point Gaze,

Point de Paris and

Point de Genes.

We are now prepared to

show you

All the new colorings in

Kid Gloves,

Ribbons,

Veilings and

Collars and Cuffs.

1,000 Dozen

NOBLY

WINDSOR TIES,

Now offered at

25c Each.

The

LITTLE FOLKS

Have not been NEGLECTED, as

you will observe by visiting the

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S

DEPARTMENT.

It is more

Complete than ever.

The

Mull Caps

on sale

are

BEAUTIES

and the

Prices Very Low.

T. N. WINSLOW,

(American Notion Co.)

28 Whitehall St.

Furnishing Goods.

Ladies' spun silk vests, all colors,

73c each.

200 dozen Gents' Bleached Jeans
Drawers at 25c pair.150 dozen Gents' fine Unlaunched
Shirts, reinforced front and
back, 2100 linen bosom, patent
stays, equal to any \$1 shirt in the
market, at 50c each.Gents' real French Balbriggan
Shirts and Drawers, worth \$1, at
50c a garment.200 dozen satin Windsor Ties
for Monday at 5c each.Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Underwear
for Ladies and Children; spring
weights just received.

Wash Goods.

3,000 yards Epingline Suitings,
8.5c a yard.2 cases short ends in fine Dress
Prints, 5c a yard.5,000 yards French style Ameri-
can Satines, worth 20c, at 12.5c a
yard.10,000 yards good style Dress
Gingham, 6c a yard.5,000 yards small and medium
Check Gingham, worth 10c, Mon-
day 6c a yard.We show a grand line of French
Organdies, Gingham, Zephyr and
Novelty Wash Fabrics.

GRAND

Millinery Opening

Monday, Tuesday and

Wednesday, March

20th, 21st, 22d.

We will display on the above

dates the choicest productions of

Mme. Josse, L. Colomb, Bonny
Caroline Reboux and others of

Paris, as well as works of art from

Francois, Mme. Louise, Mme.

Meyers and Burdette. In compari-

son with the above we will exhibit

the creations of our own workroom

with absolute confidence, fully as-

sured that the ladies of Atlanta will

agree with us that our artistes have

never been equalled in Atlanta or

surpassed in America. We an-

nounce Saturday, March 25th as

Children's Millinery Opening Day.

We will display on the above

dates the choicest productions of

Mme. Josse, L. Colomb, Bonny
Caroline Reboux and others of

Paris, as well as works of art from

Francois, Mme.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Two Recent Publications About Prison and Prison Reforms.

A DISCUSSION OF THE RACE PROBLEM.

Some Erratic Theories of a Northern Gentleman on the Condition of the Negro.

PRISONERS AND PAUPERS, by Henry M. Boies, G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. At J. F. Lester's.

THE AMERICAN SIBERIA, by J. C. Powell, Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago, published.

The study of sociology as it applies to prisoners and paupers and the elevation of the submerged classes is one of the greatest questions of the day, as well as one of the most complex. Its application is an improvement and shortening of nature's plan of natural selection. Taking its cue from nature, environment is made the chief of all recompenses. This is the theory that ethics play a part. The study of social conditions and effects has shown wherein artificial measures may bring within the space of a generation the results that the slower growth of natural selection can accomplish only in centuries; but there is a moving source in the growth of a race which can result much more satisfactorily than by natural laws.

That is the force of heredity, a force which underlies almost all human actions and movements, and which is only second in its strength to the universal tendency to endless individual variation. The problem of environment and individual education and selection may be solved by a series of sociological reforms; the problems of heredity lie deeper and the abolition of hereditary impulses and taints is a work of centuries.

The complex social conditions of the nineteenth century have given rise to conditions which have not prevailed before in this globe, and in America particularly have they assumed an importance which is startling, and which has an ever growing weight and influence on affairs of government and state. The public is familiar with them all, from the subject of foreign immigration to the much exploited and generally misunderstood negro problem of the south. The theory of applied sociology and the elevation of the race is intended by its advocates to go far toward solving them all.

There are some interesting fallacies that might be studied in this connection, if there were space among them being the prevailing notion that the negro is a savage, a maniac, and indiscriminate education is a panacea for social ills. This is a hobby which is being ridden at full speed, to the resounding tune of the public school tax. The public school movement is the true offspring of the nineteenth century, and of progress. Its destiny is magnificent. But it has little bearing on the social question. It is not on record that book learning ever yet supplied the place of a native disposition or made a rascal more scrupulous or less expert. As to its making a citizen, let it be hoped that the affairs of this country will never become so complex as to get beyond the understanding of common sense. The educated African, who satisfactorily expounds the constitution of the United States to a Mississippi election judge, even though he be a scholar, is scarcely comparable to a horny-handed and illiterate baron who forced from the hand of John Lackland the magna charta.

There have recently appeared two books bearing on this question. One is written by a master of arts, a gentleman who has made a study of the indigent and criminal classes, a member of the National Prison Association, and numerous other similar societies. The other is the story of the captain of a convict camp in Florida, a man who merely tells his experiences of fourteen years in a convict camp, under the title of "The American Siberia." Mr. Boies has written his book with a purpose in view—a desire to impart some knowledge of the deplorable state of affairs in the prisons, in other words, of the criminal classes. The author of "The American Siberia" was doubtless actuated by motives of a different character. The picture which he draws of himself is not entrancing. It may be that he has at times exaggerated his picture somewhat to make it more attractive to his sensational title, but those who know anything about the convict lease system will not brand them as altogether improbable.

There is little known in Mr. Boies' work which is not already known. It merely tells over again the horrors and miseries of the jails, with their inhumanity and cruelty, against youth and innocence that are being daily enacted all over the union by the promiscuous incarceration of all classes of offenders and the careless but systematic education which the state is constantly giving them. He draws causes and effects with apparent glibness, but the truth is that he has not much to tell, but to which the public at large has become somewhat callous. In his chosen field for investigation—Pennsylvania—he spares not his knowledge, and therefore cannot be accused of much partiality, but the chapter in which he exploits the full force of his prejudiced opinions is the one on the south.

It is a true but unhappy fact that few men can become reformers in any sense without becoming cranks. Extreme views on all subjects become their second natures and having once come to the self-sufficiency of knowledge, they are the self-sufficiency of being infallible. It is pleasant to think that immediately extend it to all subjects, without that judicious forethought by which ordinary people arrive at more accurate opinions. Mr. Boies seems to be something of a crank and the subject of prison and pauper reform is his chosen field, and in it he abounds in theories which it must be admitted are not his own. But a slight extension of his original province of work brings him in contact with his sable brother at the south, and we are immediately treated to all the grotesque and fanciful convulsions into which the suggestion of Africanism has compelled the philosopher of a more northerly clime.

In the interest of the negro and his woes he grows eloquent. Supporting himself by the brilliant but fatuous utterances of Mr. George W. Cable with a vengeance. The author, gaunt, haggard, famished, wasted with disease, smeared with grime, and clad in tatty tatters, chattered about their terrible limbs, so that with their arms around them, the crowd of curiosity seekers who had assembled around the depot shrank back appalled.

Thus this poor soul arrived, and from one of the cars some thirty odd men disembarked and formed in irregular procession by the roadside. The men never shone upon a more abject picture of misery and disarray. The poor gaunt, haggard, famished, wasted with disease, smeared with grime, and clad in tatty tatters, chattered about their terrible limbs, so that with their arms around them, the crowd of curiosity seekers who had assembled around the depot shrank back appalled.

The punishment consisted of strapping up by the hands, giving a severe flogging, and the first explains itself. Sweating was shuttling up in a close box, without ventilation or light; and the last named was no less than the most severe punishment practiced during the Spanish Inquisition under the name of the "ordena de agua." The prisoner was strapped down, a funnel forced into his mouth and water poured in. The effect was to enormously expand the stomach, producing intense agony but a sense of impending death, due to pressure on the heart, that unnerved the stoutest. We have no doubt as to the effect, for frequently, the remain were dropped in a blanket and buried in a shallow trench that barely covered the remains from the air. Some men, instead of reviving to repeat in detail, are told of their deaths by domestic animals, and there was no record kept of the dead or those who escaped.

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These are but samples of incidents and descriptions of a system that is full of man-hunts, escapes, cruelties and inhumanities. It is not a pleasant book to read, but seems written with an air of sincerity and truth. If it in a small way brings the attention of the people of the country to the crying need of prison and penal reform, it will have performed its mission. It is in doubt, however, if its publication of itself will accomplish any good. They are written rather to pander to an exciting taste than to stimulate reform, and the extreme occurrences which they relate are too readily seized on by cranks as typical, instead of exceptional. But it will be admitted by all that a convict camp is not the place to go when in search of either humanitarism or downy ease.

Stand Alone.

It is a fact which can be proven by a single trial that the flavor given to cakes, puddings, creams, sauces, etc., by

DR. PRICE'S
choice
Flavoring
Extracts

is as natural as the fruit, and as much unlike, in delicate flavor and strength, the cheap extracts as can possibly be imagined.

In these respects, they stand alone in the market.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE SKIN, SCALP AND COMPLEXION,

THE RESULT OF 20 YEARS' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE IN DERMATOLOGY.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

Every One of Them Uses WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP, Consequently Each Face Is About Right.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, OR SENT BY MAIL.

Woodbury's Antiseptic Barber's Bars 15c for 25c. Shaving Sticks 25c.

ACTRESSES SAVE their skin complexion by using WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP in their make-up. All the latest theatrical trunks have a special place built in the box to hold Facial Soap.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP is considered a "Mascotte" in many of the New York Hotels. You see, the soap contains a disinfectant, and it is valuable in such places because they will only use the best.

I CAN'T take the spots off a frog. Soap was not invented for that purpose, but WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP will make the human skin most beautiful to look upon. Atting gists, or by mail.

Physicians Stand by WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP because there is nothing quack about it. It took years before Facial Soap was originally perfected and put on public sale.

Old Discolored Secretions pack up and get out quick when WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP marches upon them. They can't stand Facial Soap. It is one too many for them.

Moles and Warts are Stubborn. They like to live on your skin just the same as you, for instance, would like to live on ice cream or my favorite dish. Send for 150-page book.

Freckles Grow Larger all the time, you, of course, can't see them grow. They grow when you are asleep. Send for a book.

Gumpowder Marks and Coal Pittings are erased from the skin without a knife or pain.

Birthmarks are Removed by PROF. JOHN H. WOODBURY because he takes a particular kind of interest in this kind of work and no, because some blockhead has probably said you could not be cured.

A RED NOSE is NOT always a sign of drink.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP is the modern perfected Soap for bathing and removing the odors of perspiration from the body, purifying, toning and strengthening the skin, curing Blackheads, Oily Skin, Pimples and Slight Eruptions, removing and preventing Dandruff, and keeping the hair from falling out.

It is prepared by a Dermatologist who for over twenty years has been treating the human skin. Removing Moles, Warts and Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Power marks, Red Noses, Scars, Pittings, Wrinkles, correcting Pug Noses, setting back Ears that stand out too far from the head, developing Thin Faces, etc., etc.

A sample cake of Soap and 150-page book, 7th edition, on beauty and dermatology, with special chapters on facial development, treatment of the eyebrows, superfluous hair, red noses, wrinkles, nervous and blood diseases, and all skin and scalp imperfections sent sealed for 10 cents. This book should be on every dressing table.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,

125 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY MAIL. ESTABLISHED 1870.

FREE. A GRAND OFFER FREE. MME. A. RUPPERT'S World-Renowned Face Bleach

In order that all may have an opportunity of trying the wonderful effect of her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH, MME. RUPPERT will present to all callers every day during the coming week a sample bottle free, or will send to ladies living in any part of the world, on receipt of 25c., cost of sending.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States who would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give every caller, absolutely free, during the coming week, a sample bottle, and, in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it to them safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c., either silver or stamps.

This grand undertaking will cost MME. RUPPERT many thousands of dollars, but she does it in order to prove to all that her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH is the most wonderful preparation in the world for clearing and purifying the skin, and does as she recommends it. In every case of pimples, freckles, moth, sallowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression), it removes absolutely. It does not cover up as cosmetics do, but is a cure. The price of this wonderful FACE BLEACH is \$2 per single bottle, or three bottles, usually required in severe cases, \$5. Sent to any part of the world safely packed. To give all a chance to test its wonderful merit, MME. A. RUPPERT will, as stated above, give free to all callers, every day during the coming week, a sample bottle free, or send it to those at a distance on receipt of 25c. cost of sending. Be sure that all her preparations bear the photograph and signature of MME. A. RUPPERT in full. All others are fraudulent. MME. A. RUPPERT'S well-known book, of which more than three million copies are now in circulation, will be sent on receipt of 6 cents postage. Address all communications or call on

MME. A. RUPPERT.
NEW YORK'S LEADING COMPLEXION SPECIALIST,
NO. 6 EAST 14TH STREET, (3 DOORS FROM 5TH AVENUE), NEW YORK.

Atlanta ladies will please call for samples and goods on my local agent,

H. S. MORGAN.
No. 49 1-2 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

GEORGIA CALL

On the President and Whisper Gentle Words in His Ear.

TO URGE JAMES AND CALLAWAY

Was the Object of the Visit of Gordon, Atkinson and Moses.

MAJOR BLACK MAKES RECOMMENDATIONS

Naming Mr. Dunbar as His Choice for the Postoffice—Other Matters of Interest to All Georgians.

Washington, March 18.—(Special)—Senator Gordon, Colonel Bill Atkinson and Congressman Charley Moses paid a visit to the white house this morning that has had an effect upon all the candidates for the two district attorney offices in Georgia, something like a hawk hovering over a covey of quail. The other candidates don't know just what was done or said and as a consequence there is much doubt in their minds as to just what the result will be next week. It is generally believed by all that both appointments will be made during the next week, and as the time draws near the interest is more intense.

The object of the visit of the trio of Georgians was to urge Joe James for the attorneyship of the Northern district and E. H. Callaway for the Southern district. Senator Gordon made a strong speech for James urging that his services to the party entitled him to recognition. He then spoke for Mr. Callaway and urged that Major Gary was no more entitled to the credit of the victory in the tenth as to some of other Georgians, but speaking principally of the ability of Mr. Callaway and his strength with the people of the state. Mr. Moses and Mr. Atkinson endorsed the statements of the senator strongly, and their visit undoubtedly had an effect upon Mr. Cleveland.

Shortly after this trio had retired, Major Black, Hon. Pat Walsh and Mr. John B. Connally, all of Augusta, entered and had a brief interview with the president. He asked them a number of questions about Major Gary and the other candidates, but gave them no definite statement as to who he would appoint in their district.

Thus, as it is tonight, no one can tell just who will be appointed in either district.

Mr. Callaway feels very confident tonight. He believes that Senator Gordon's visit to the white house today in his interest will be effective.

The Fight for the Marshalship.

The contest for the marshalship of the Northern district of Georgia is beginning to attract some attention. Colonel Renfroe is strongly endorsed, but has no written endorsement from either of the senators. In fact, they seem to be holding out of this contest for the present, and there is no telling just what sort of a turn it will take within the next week. As it stands now, Colonel Renfroe is leading. He claims that he practically has the plumb in his grasp. He undoubtedly is very strong, but the action of the two senators will have bearing upon the selection. Ex-Vice President Morton is an endorser of Mr. Renfroe.

Postmaster at Augusta.

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Officers of the Senate.

It is conceded that General William R. Cox, of North Carolina, will be chosen secretary of the senate. Senator Ransom will present General Cox's name to the caucus, and Senator Voorhees, that of R. J. Bright, who will be chosen sergeant-at-arms.

The Republicans think that an effort to reorganize the elective officers of the senate would be made at this session and are preparing to resist it. A prominent republican leader stated today that the members on his side of the chamber had been discussing the situation and would organize a solid opposition.

He also cited the fact that all the precedents were on their side and intimated that in the debate that would certainly follow an attempt to reorganize the Republicans would make some pertinent quotations from the Congressional Record. When asked what prospect there was of success, he replied that the opposition in the past had been successful and that it would be none the less so this time.

The Democratic senators say that they have not decided on their course yet, and some of them are disposed to let it go over till December, rather than have a fight now.

Georgia's Meager Showings.

There are about five hundred consuls and agents to say but three are held by Georgians. Her just share would be not less than ten or twelve and she will probably get them under this administration.

The present consuls from Georgia and their salaries are: A. L. Angier at Atlanta, \$1,000; George, \$2,000; notarial fees, \$54.

Just what the private fees are not given in any report of the department. R. W. Parker at St. Christopher, West Indies, \$1,000; W. P. Pierce at Trinidad, West Indies, \$2,500 with \$227 of notarial fees last year.

Talking Up Excursions.

Georgians here who are interested in Georgians getting the quota of offices under the government that properly belong to the state, are talking about an excursion from Atlanta here. The railroad people have been approached on the subject. The idea is for the Richmond and Danville to run a special excursion train to Washington about the 1st of April to bring Georgians who are willing to serve Uncle Sam at respectable salaries. What is wanted is a one-fare rate for the round trip on this special train, and it could probably be gotten with ease provided there were not less than two hundred who would want to come. The Georgians here who are interested in their friends at home, suggested all those who would like to take advantage of such a rate write to Mr. S. H. Harwick, assistant general passenger agent of the road in Atlanta. They believe that if several hundred applications were made the Georgia, Carolina and Northern and the East Tennessee as well as the Richmond and Danville, would give a special cheap rate and special terms for the benefit of the boys who are entitled to their proportionate share of the spoils.

Of course all who come could not expect to be successful. Every man would have to take his chances for the prizes, and it is believed there are very many who would be willing to trust to their genius and luck. Of course special rates could be made at the hotels here.

However, Mr. Cleveland is not inclined to make changes fast.

Have Gone Home.

Colonel Moses left for home tonight. Mr. Josee Walters went home tonight. He says, however, that he has not given up the contest for the Southern district attorneyship by any means.

What the Boys Think.

The Georgia boys are predicting tonight that the president will not turn down Speaker Crisp and Senator Gordon in the district attorney contests. They say it is to be either Rucker and Callaway or James and Gary.

E. W. B.

IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY.

But He Received the Office Seekers Just the Same.

Washington, March 18.—President Cleveland was fifty-six years old today and he celebrated the occasion in the way he has nearly every day since his induction into office. For three hours he was busy receiving office seekers and their congressional friends. The no reappointment rule was more clearly defined by Mr. Cleveland this morning.

Among his callers was Representative Springer, with William H. Heinrichsen, secretary of state of Illinois, and Mr. Newell, a member of the Illinois senate. Mr. Heinrichsen is the author of the bill of W. C. Chambers for the Postmastership at Jacksonville, Ill., mentioned that Mr. Chambers had held the office under the former democratic administration and when Mr. Cleveland reminded him of the no reappointment rule, Mr. Heinrichsen cited the fact that his candidate had been removed from office by the republican party in his expression of his view that he was more clearly defined by Mr. Cleveland.

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BEHIND THE LENTEN VEIL

Never during any time has society known such a pervasive and despondent dullness as during this Lenten season, which followed quite the gayest winter ever known here. The shocking tragedies of Atlanta's dark week have had a widespread effect on society, and very few of the people who were at all well acquainted with those concerned in these distressing events seem to take the slightest interest in any of those mild diversions usually set aside for the season of fasting. A depressing inactivity seems to permeate every one, now that the wild excitement of sensation has passed. Women sit in a phlegmatic sort of way by their own fireside with a tepid interest in Easter gowns, while the men go about their business with dogged dullness.

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What has the Psyche knot to do with the styles of 1830, I wonder, that it should be

GEORGIA'S BELLES AND BEAUTIES.



MRS. WEAVER, of Macon.

discovered just now upon the heads of many fashionable women? Is it put there

looks already be taken a maturity as perfect as their mother's.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF SOCIETY.

The Loyal Temperance Legion's literary and musical entertainment which was held in the lecture room of Trinity church last Thursday night was a success.

Messrs. Mattison, Wilson, Hetherington, Miller, Corbin, Daily, Dowdell and Hutchison are deserving of more extended notice than a short newspaper paragraph can give.

Messrs. Draine, Bowden, Clover, Poole, Osborne and Woodward, members of the legion, exerted themselves to make everything attractive and their recitations far above the average, especially this first of Louis Quinze heels with Galatea draperies?

Whatever it may be, certain it is that the Greek knot had no part in the toilet of the lady of 1830. It is true that she did wear her knot in the middle of her head, but there was nothing Grecian about its placed and oily smoothness. It was a coil made with as careful deliberation as an orthodox monk.

Ah, well, we can't have all these hideous things at once, and so why question or criticize the rebellious pert knot that insists on being piquant and defying all its prim environment?

"Spartacus's Address to the Gladiator," by Miss Annie Mattison was so fine that she was recalled by the appreciative audience, and she delighted them by reciting a German dialect piece. The most "taking things" on the programme were the temperature acrostic, "We Will Stand by Our Friends," and the "Song of the South" and Becky's Advice," Miss Hattie Miller's song, "Water Cresses" was well received. Indeed the music which was led by Mrs. Gwin, Trinity's most efficient organist, was all that could be desired.

This bell is to be molded out of historical relics from all parts of the country. Old swords and all metal relics will go to the making thereof, and, of course, Mrs. Gordon is naturally desirous to have the state which she so splendidly represents send a many mementoes for this purpose as possible.

"Daring Green and His Flying Machine," by Miss Annie Mattison was so fine that she was recalled by the appreciative audience, and she delighted them by reciting a German dialect piece. The most "taking things" on the programme were the temperature acrostic, "We Will Stand by Our Friends," and the "Song of the South" and Becky's Advice," Miss Hattie Miller's song, "Water Cresses" was well received. Indeed the music which was led by Mrs. Gwin, Trinity's most efficient organist, was all that could be desired.

There is fine elocutionary and musical talent in Trinity's Loyal Temperance Legion, and we may expect to hear from them again.

It is a fact that Georgia is a state that will contest for a Dewey medal at a very early day, and will invite their friends in due time, and hope to have as fine an audience as that which assembled to honor them last Thursday night.

Sunday evening, the 12th instant, a very enjoyable entertainment was given by the chapter club, the Columbia and Lithonia Union home. This exercises consisted of recitations, songs and instrumental music and a debate by the members of the club. Subject: "Resolved, That the Annexation of Hawaii Would Be Beneficial to the United States."

The affirmative side of the question was ably championed by Messrs. J. H. Hirsch and F. Salomon, while Messrs. F. K. of man and Mr. Salomon, a son of a prominent negative, had sufficient force to prevent the strong advocates of the affirmative from carrying off the laurels.

All those wishing to send her relics or communicate with her upon the subject can reach her by addressing her at the Kimball house.

The Milledgeville Chronicle is making an offer which every ambitious young girl should be interested in. It promises to give the girl who, by June 1st, will send them the largest number of subscribers a free education for one year at the Georgia Normal and Industrial college. This offer includes every expense of the scholar for one year, pays for books, washing and all incidental necessary expenses that go toward her education.

The inducement is certainly a great one for a girl to work for any plucky, ambitious young girl who is not able to gain a good education would do well to look at the matter. The Milledgeville Chronicle is a well edited, bright paper and it is largely devoted to the interest of the Georgia Normal and Industrial college, a fact that should induce all Georgians to be interested in its success. Miss Ellen Dorch is a very bright and brazen woman, who is enthusiastically interested in the progress of her school.

The girls' college at Milledgeville is certainly a worthy object for the interest and assistance of all progressive women. It is the greatest and most progressive institution for young women ever founded in this part of the south. The people of Georgia cannot do too much to forward and assist it in every way.

The picture which adorns this page is that of Mrs. John Weaver, of Macon, one of the handsomest women in Georgia. Mrs. Weaver is originally from Baltimore and is a splendid type of that wholesome and striking beauty which has made the women of that city famous. She is tall and splendidly proportioned. Her hair is very dark brown and her lustrous, violet eyes are shaded by long black lashes, while her dark brows are as beautifully arched as those of Beatrix Cenci. Her complexion is clear and fair and her refined, regular features are expressive of that radiant sweeteness and loveliness of nature which is even more charming than her physical perfection.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wood complimented their little daughter, Emeline, with a party in honor of her tenth birthday on Tuesday afternoon at their home on Capon street.

The little hostess received her guests in a charming manner, assisted by her little sisters, Rose and Laura, and her baby brother, Preston.

Receptions were served from a beau-

iful table, the center piece of which was the large birth cake, on which burned ten tiny wax candles.

Emeline was the recipient of quite a number of lovely presents, as well as heartfelt wishes from her little friends for very many happy returns of the day.

Miss Kinney entertained a company of friends at a small, yet very delightful music on Tuesday evening. She was as usual by several well-known musicians. Miss Kinney is a brilliant and thoroughly cultivated musician, and her voice is a perfect delight to all lovers of fine music.

Miss Kinney is a great belle and a noted beauty in Baltimore society, and her father, Colonel Smirk, is one of the wealthiest and most influential men in that city. On her father's side she is of direct English descent, and her mother, who was a very beautiful woman, belonged to an old colonial family. Her husband is a charming man socially and a very successful one in the business world.

Mrs. Weaver has been living in Macon about ten years. She has a lovely home on College street where she entertains her friends in the most delightful fashion.

She has four little girls whose lovely

was that soul-stirring drama, "A Soldier of Fortune," which has been presented with great success in many of the largest opera houses of this country. All of the dramatic persons did remarkably well, but Miss Rosa Taylor, as Agnes Belmont, and W. D. Wilford, as Colonel Fitzwod, the two leading characters of the play, deserve special notice for the marked dramatic ability they possess.

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Mrs. Weaver has been living in Macon about ten years. She has a lovely home on College street where she entertains her friends in the most delightful fashion.

She has four little girls whose lovely

was that soul-stirring drama, "A Soldier of Fortune," which has been presented with great success in many of the largest opera houses of this country. All of the dramatic persons did remarkably well, but Miss Rosa Taylor, as Agnes Belmont, and W. D. Wilford, as Colonel Fitzwod, the two leading characters of the play, deserve special notice for the marked dramatic ability they possess.

Emeline was the recipient of quite a number of lovely presents, as well as heartfelt wishes from her little friends for very many happy returns of the day.

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Twenty-Four Pages

ATLANTA, GA., March 1893.

A Very Serious Matter.
We are pleased to see that The Rome Tribune is inclined to retire from its contention that The Constitution is engaged in furthering a grim joke in urging, in behalf of Georgia, an equitable reapportionment of the political offices at the disposal of the president and those immediately under him.

The Constitution has never been more serious in any undertaking. If we were to press a demand obviously unfair or monstrous, the charge of The Rome Tribune and the like of our northern contemporaries might have some meaning. But the reform we are urging, and that we shall continue to urge, is essential to the standing of Georgia as a state in the union—is essential to her equality with her sister states.

It is worthy of note that those who are indisposed to do justice to Georgia make not the slightest effort to offset our arguments. The logic of The Constitution's position is irresistible. We defy the castists and polemics to touch or move it. The demand we make is as simple as honesty and as unanswerable as truth. Under the civil service laws Georgia is entitled to a pro rata share of the offices. This method of apportionment is the very basis and foundation of our system.

Suppose that in the fluctuations of the reconstruction period and under the bold scheming of the republican sectionals Georgia's representation in congress had been reduced to one member of the house; would it be in the nature of a joke to urge the correction of the evil? Presumably the same principle obtains in the evil which we are now striving to have corrected. Under our system the political offices at the disposal of the appointing power belong to the states according to their population. There is no other scheme that has either equity or justice in it.

But this system has been destroyed, so far as Georgia is concerned, by the republicans. They found that they could not employ the offices that belong to Georgia in building up or strengthening their corrupt party here, and so they bestowed them on other states, placing them wherever they would do the most good. The result is that out of 2,487 offices that belong to Georgia, the state is credited in the Blue Book with about 200, many of them menial positions.

If it be in the nature of a joke to protest against this outrageous result of partisan corruption, then we are willing to be classed as first and foremost among the humorists of the time. No argument is necessary to show the injustice and inequality of the situation as it now exists, and it is worthy of remark that Secretary Smith's evening newspaper denounced it as an outrage as soon as the matter was called to its attention by The Constitution. This is, or should be, the feeling of every Georgian who believes that his state ought to have its rights—that it ought to stand on an equal footing with the rest of the states of the republic.

Whatever joke there may be in it lies in the fact that the republicans have insidiously deprived Georgia of more than two thousand offices to which the state is entitled under the civil service laws. But it seems to us to require a strong effort of the imagination to find a joke in this phase of the situation. Those who are inclined to think that our efforts to right the wrong are of a humorous nature will do well to suspend judgment.

The Constitution will see that Georgia gets her rights or it will know the reason why.

A Deserved Tribute.
The numerous friends of Dr. H. C. White, of the University of Georgia, will be gratified to learn that his untiring scientific labors are receiving proper recognition abroad.

The London Times of the 20th ultimo notes among the "distinguished foreigners" who, "for meritorious services and contributions to science" were elected Fellows of the Royal Chemical Society, of Great Britain, at the annual meeting, February 16th, of the present year, two from the United States—Professor F. P. Dunnington, of the University of Virginia, and Professor H. C. White, of the University of Georgia.

Our readers generally are aware that fellowship in this society is considered the highest honor of the kind that can be conferred upon chemists. It gives them a recognized international standing, and, of course, is very valuable. Professor White's exceptional attainments, especially in chemistry, and his active work in the cause of science, have made his name

familiar in the higher circles of European scientists, and this voluntary tribute to his merit speaks for itself. The farmers of Georgia who are now following the professor's articles on village farming in The Constitution regard him as a public benefactor, and the endorsement of learned foreign societies is not needed to give him a high place in their favor.

The Desperation of Envy.
Editor Constitution: I notice that The Journal of this afternoon ascribes in a consciousness clipping, on its editorial page The Constitution's honest fight for Georgia's just proportion of the federal patronage to "the desperation of Envy."

What does it mean by this?

BELGIAN BLOCK.
Heaven only knows! Our neighbor is not responsible for its capers of late. We suppose it means that The Constitution is green with jealousy because the distinguished proprietor of its afternoon contemporary is warming the seat of his pantaloons in a cabinet chair.

Far be it from us to feel the slightest envy in this particular. Our sentiment is rather one of compassion, because we know it is a very hard matter to secure for Georgia all of the 2,500 offices to which she is entitled, and we much prefer to be at home working for all the people than to be in Washington hedged in against office seekers.

It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland voluntarily tendered to the editor of this paper an appointment under his first administration, which, so far as emoluments were concerned, payed much more than a cabinet office.

It was promptly, but thankfully, declined.

The Constitution has "a charge to keep," and that charge is the protection of the welfare of the people.

We can attend to our business and serve the people much better at home than elsewhere.

Better Let It Alone!

We see it stated that there is talk of a fight on Hon. Paul Trammell for collector on the ground that he introduced a resolution in the Georgia legislature endorsing the Ocala platform.

Better let it alone!

The Constitution has not expressed any preference in the contest between all the popular democrats applying for the office, but its advice to those who want to make an issue of the Ocala platform at this time is to let it alone.

The resolution introduced by Mr. Trammell went through the legislature by more than a two-thirds vote, and the men who voted for it represented a great mass of the democratic voters of the state. They represented a great part of the people who gave Mr. Cleveland 71,000 majority.

Better let it alone!

The democratic platform, and not the Ocala platform, is the issue. It is sufficient to know that Mr. Trammell stands squarely on the democratic platform.

There are thousands of men in Georgia who endorsed the Ocala platform, and they are just as good democrats today as the men who would have destroyed the harmony and unity of the party by excluding them. They are the men whom The Constitution and other democratic influences kept in the party. They endorsed the pledges of tariff reform and financial relief made in the democratic platform, and they voted for Mr. Cleveland.

Therefore, we say to the brethren in and around Washington, let the Ocala platform alone! It is no longer an issue nor the shadow of an issue.

The great issue now is the democratic platform, and the great work before the party is the prompt redemption of the pledges therein made.

Repeal the McKinley bill! Reform the tariff! Permit no discrimination against silver! Stand on the democratic platform and let other platforms alone!

A Fanatical Friend.

We are in receipt of a communication from Dr. Branch Clark, of New York city, in which he states:

The politicians may make it necessary for the people to demand for Cleveland a third term. They had better try to grow up to such a man who will work for the good of the whole and not for trusts, machines, and popular politics.

We have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of Dr. Branch Clark, but his suggestion would indicate that England is the place for him—not America.

Mr. Cleveland, in the light of the glorious precedent established by Washington and endorsed by more than one hundred years of American freedom, would not accept a third term nomination if it were tendered him on a silver platter.

Dr. Branch Clark should muzzle himself. It will be many, many years before the star of empire rises over this glorious public.

The people, of course, understand that a man is very often misrepresented by fanatical friends, and there is not a man in America who would more emphatically repudiate the monarchical suggestion of Dr. Branch Clark than Mr. Cleveland.

Not a Party Question.

We print elsewhere an interesting communication from the president of the Young Men's Democratic Legion of Carroll county, who discusses the question of Georgia's rights in the distribution of offices from the party standpoint.

The party standpoint is a good one; it is healthy and wholesome; and nothing suits us better than to occupy it on all suitable occasions; but the question whether Georgia shall have the offices that belong to the state under a just and an equitable apportionment is not by any means a party question. It reaches farther and goes deeper. It is broader than any party. It is purely a state question, and involves the rights of Georgia as one of the members of the union. It is a right that is recognized (as Secretary Smith's evening newspaper informs us) by the civil service laws, and we have not the slightest doubt that the out-

rageously unjust manipulations by which the republicans have robbed Georgia of her fair share of offices will be corrected by the democratic administration.

Our correspondent declares that the offices that belong to the state ought to be restored to it, and that they ought to be filled with democrats. We have no objections to that. We are willing to go as far in that direction as any one. But, first of all, let us get the fair apportionment of the state in the distribution of offices restored to her. In order to do this, and to escape the criticisms and protests of the extreme civil service reformers, we do not place the claim of Georgia on party grounds. The broader argument is the best. No matter what party may chance to be in power, Georgia is entitled to a fair and equitable apportionment of offices on the basis of population. To leave this apportionment to the whims and notions of politicians would be to court the very result we are protesting against. The claim The Constitution is making in behalf of the state is based on a right that exists in the very nature and essence of our system of government. Georgia is entitled to 2,500 offices, or, to be accurate, 2,487, and she must have them!

The Sort of Organ We Are.
The following communication received yesterday in the ordinary course of The Constitution's mail speaks for itself:

PAWNSHIRE, DeKalb County, Ga., March 17.—Editor Constitution: Fully appreciating the stand taken by The Constitution in its glorious defense of democratic principles, and of the administration's desire to carry out, to the letter, the democratic platform, I would like to ask if The Constitution considers itself an administration organ.

DEMOCRAT.

Most emphatically no. But since our esteemed correspondent has asked us a fair question it will not be amiss for us to state that we are a plain, every day, ordinary, rock-ribbed democratic platform organ.

Administrations have no business with organs in this country. They are all right in monarchies, but a newspaper that poses as an administration organ in this country is as much out of place surrounded by the free air of America as is a buckwheat cake in a barrel of leather washers.

Europe is the place for administration organs—not America.

No, we are not an administration organ. But we are, most emphatically, a democratic platform organ.

There, you have it!

The Value of a Complete Service.
A forcible illustration of the completeness of The Constitution's news service was demonstrated in the first announcement in these columns during the past week of the appointment of Hon. James G. Blount as chairman of the Hawaiian commission, sent by the government to report as to the advisability of annexation.

This is a most important commission, and the item was one of unusual significance. The country was first apprised of the nature of Mr. Blount's appointment through the Macon correspondence of The Constitution, under the excellent direction of Hon. John T. Boeufillet. Mr. Boeufillet stated the nature of Mr. Blount's call to Washington, announcing that he left Macon fully prepared for the Hawaiian trip. No other paper in Georgia contained this news, and if there was another one in the country, that announced the morning after Mr. Blount was called to Washington by telegraph, that the purpose of his summons was to receive instructions as chairman of the Hawaiian commission, we have not seen it.

The appointment was a good one, the item was a big one, and The Constitution, of course, got it.

The people have long since learned where to get the news!

An Easy Job.

The New York Commercial Advertiser remarks that it will be "a big job" for Mr. Carlisle to support the west and the south against Wall street for four years.

And yet it may be a softer snap, as the phrase goes, than our esteemed contemporary thinks. Wall street is not wholly bad. We have recently seen that there is a sensible and conservative element in that quarter that does not suffer itself to be pulled and hauled to the four points of the compass by the gold sharks and the money lenders.

We have recently seen, too, that the vicious element in Wall street is not by any means as formidable as it has been cracked up to be. It has no influence whatever on the intelligent business men of the country.

We do not see, therefore, why it should be a big job for Mr. Carlisle to support the people against a vicious and an unscrupulous clique whose patriotism can be measured by and covered with a gold dollar. Mr. Carlisle has only to steer his course by the democratic platform, and let the gold sharks haul him to the four points of the compass by the gold sharks and the money lenders.

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LOCAL APPLICANTS.

My Resigned Congressman Livingston
Yesterday Violently.HERE WERE SCENES IN HIS ROOM.
Conference with Leading Citizens About
the Solution of the Atlanta Postoffice
Master—Petitions Don't Go.Congressman L. F. Livingston was a
man yesterday—as busy as a bumblebee
at May time.Room 39 at the Markham, which has
been the colonel's room while in At-
lanta ever since the days when he used
to be so much in the city attending to the
business of the office of president of the State
Bankers' Alliance, was alive with candi-
dates for office under the federal govern-
ment that they were dead.Secretary taken his seat at the
department before liberal
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LARK HOWELL

GENERAL

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The People Are with You.
Villa Rica, Ga., March 17.—Editor Constitution:
Please give me sufficient space in
your valuable paper to say that I agree with
you in the stand you have taken for the
carrying out of the democratic platform to the
letter; for free coinage without discrimination
against either metal; for tariff reform,
and for a better banking system.I have been a third party man, and there
are hundreds of people around me who think
just as I do, and who will return to the
bond of democracy just as soon as that party does
what it has pledged itself to do.All of the old Jeffersonian democrats around
here approve of the stand you have taken
against the bond conspirators and the John
Sherman gang. We all hope to see you win
the fight you have begun, and will help you
as we can. Give us free coinage, tariff re-
form, and a better banking system—in other
words, carry out the democratic platform
just as it is written, and we will all enlist
again under the banner of democracy to help
the Constitution out in its fight against the
gold bugs and the money monopolists.But, on the other hand, if congress fails to
give the relief the party has promised, we
ask in equal good faith that the democrats
who stand on that platform join us in the
effort to have its commands obeyed. No party
can carry the south and west next time
who refuses to stand by the doctrine enunci-
ated in that platform.I earnestly hope to see the cardinal principles
of democracy established. I am not
an extremist, and I do not believe in govern-
ment ownership of railroads or ownership of
any other kind of property that is run for
pecuniary profit. As an evidence of my
conservatism it may be well for me to state
that I am not a believer in the subtreasury
idea as it was originally promulgated. But
I do believe in the free coinage of both
metals; I am opposed to the present banking
system which is founded on the interests of
those who have big money and against those
who have little; I want an income tax, and
I want the tariff reformed.I am certain that if the next congress will
act on these important questions in keeping
with the standard set for it in the national
democratic platform, that the democratic
party will begin an era of supremacy in which
the whole country will flourish like a green
bay tree.But if it does not, beware of that day when
the people shall sit in judgment! I hope
you will continue your work of reform. It
is on the right track and the people are with
you!

W. H. NOLAN.

Democratic Leader Endorses.

Carrollton, Ga., March 16, 1893.—Editor
Constitution—Dear Sir:—The Com-
munity and the gallant fight you are
making for a proper distribution of federal pat-
ents to Georgia is endorsed by every true dem-
ocrat of old Carroll, the banner democratic
county of the state, as well as all other true
democrats. While it is true that the grand in-
centive for working for democratic success
wholesome and equitable laws and honest
government; yet I agree with you that these
laws should be made and executed by true blue
democrats who are entirely in sympathy with
our principles, as expressed in our national
democratic platform.Your statistician rightly says that Georgia
is entitled to twenty-five hundred federal of-
fices, exclusive of postoffices. This being true,
Carroll county is entitled to thirty-two. This
is double more than she has had in all the
years since the war from both parties. As
you know Carroll's democracy is unsurpassed
by any other county in the state, and she was
the first one to endorse our second chief mag-
istrate for his second term. Why then should
we not be so much interest in the
place where the thing is done with
the more certain now than ever before
that more of the city ought to get
together and take some good
of ascertaining what they want more
good.Major Harry Corrects.
Editor Constitution—I see from an article in
The Journal a few days ago that Mr. L. F.
Livingston was charged with writing a letter
to a candidate for United States marshal, and
that General Gordon had gone back upon
said candidate. Now I am the man referred to.
Mr. Livingston wrote no such letter to
me, but the reverse. This is in Justice to
Mr. Livingston.

R. L. BARRY.

GEORGIA PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Athens Banner says: "Mr. Robert A.
Hemphill, assistant business manager of The
Atlanta Constitution, was in the city yester-
day on a visit to his mother, who resides here.
Mr. Hemphill is one of Athens' sons who
has risen to high station in life, and of
which she is proud."Sanford L. White is pretty nearly ubiquitous.
He is in every county, got into Cobb county and took up his
residence in Cherokee county—all in one day!Thomas J. Stancill, aged fifty-five, married
Miss Ellie Cook, aged fifteen, in Pickens county
last week.The Augusta News has already celebrated
the retirement of Major Gary as district
attorney for the Southern district. It is pre-
mature, but perhaps prophetic.Judge N. E. Harris, of Macon, has been
observing the current of events at the national
capital.Miss Georgia Lester, of Lexington, is a
young Georgia artist whose paintings are
among who are trying to sneak through
a one-horse fashion, and says:The Macon county people are anxious for a
visit from Uncle Peg Leg Williams, the
famous agent to promote negro emigration.
They want to decorate him with a warrant.Dick Grubb announces that his friend, Hon.
Dick Botts, intends to spend the summer in
New York as the special guest of Hon.
Charles A. Dana, editor of The Sun.Mr. W. A. Hemphill offers a bargain in
two boarding houses on Forsyth street.

OLD SI.

The old man seemed to be in a "sassy"
mood when he came up yesterday to clean
the exchange corner."Dese heah mugwump meks me hab
mystery in my muscles ter hit sumboddy?"

"Wh'w'?" he was asked.

"Kaze dey don't want we'uns down heah
heah hab dem twenty'-hundred orfises what
we got de title ter is' fall. Dat's our pro-
ratty, an' of we ain' gwine ter git what's
cummin' ter us, what fer did we got dem
publicitie?"Rev. Sam Small will be having happy suc-
cess with his protracted services at Park street
church, West End. His administration in that
field has been emphasized by a great growth
in the church membership and by a healthier
Christian tone in thought and living among
the people of the cultured and progressive
community. The meetings will continue
throughout the week.For intellectual vigor and spiritual beauty
the sermons of Rev. Dr. Stricker, of the
Central Presbyterian church, have won a
fame that is enviable. The congregations
that gather to hear them, from Sabbath to
Sabbath, are pronounced testimonies to the
doctor's winning and satisfying eloquence."As de pro ratty cum in all handy 'nu'
w'en hit cum ter obtain' troops sum de
state ob Georgia, an' fer de ole sum of
dar's even' and stink' fer do—ain't dat so?"Bishop Fitzgerald is in Florida resting,
re-
erating and enjoying communion with the
people down there who have been so fully won
according to his pro ratty."Well, how cum dat she can't git de pro-
ratty ter wuk' w'en de orfises am ter be
dish'd out? Et de pro ratty kin wuk' on de
outgo, w'y can't hit wuk' sum on de in-cum-
ter de orfises? Dat's de puzzle what I wants
de patint ordiss up at Washin'ton ter 'samine
inter fer me."And the old man retired with a snorting
heat on.The statement of that old and reliable in-
stitution, the Atlanta National bank, in
another column, deserves the attention of our
readers. It is a highly creditable showing,
and speaks well for the able and prudent
management of the bank and its
agents of this great city of Atlanta. This
bank has enjoyed a long and successful career,
and its numerous patrons feel gratified to see
it steadily forging ahead. The bank has
shown many of valuable financial lessons,
showing what may be accomplished in good
times and hard times by conservative manage-
ment, ample capital and a strong and
devotion to the city's commercial interests.

AT THE TEMPLE GATES.

What Profits It?
What profits it that gold is won
And greed is fanned day by day?
What profits it in pleasure's sun
To waste the heart by mock and play?
What profits to rise and shine
In some brief hold of place and pow'r?
What profits it to feast with wine
And die of thirst at even' hour?The gold we gain, unsanctified,
Will char the soul like ceaseless fire;
The pleasures by the world supplied
Are lots plants that root in misery;
The throne and praise the mob bestows
Is set on sand—it flies as breath;
The wine that gladdens as it glows
Then maddens and expires in death.The gold that profits is the grace
That makes the Christ my friend in need;
The pleasure that fills time and space
Is love that works in daily deed;
The power that makes a king in truth
Is holiness that God hath given—
The crown of age, the hope of youth,
The upward, many march to heaven!

SAM W. SMALL.

Bishop Randolph S. Foster, of Boston, one
of the most noted of the bishops of the Meth-
odist Episcopal church, is in the city and will
preach this morning at Clark university. Bishop
Foster has passed the mark of three score
years an' ten but is still a vigorous pulpit or-
ator and a man of tireless application in epis-
copal and literary labors. He is returning
from Florida, but while sojourning there
in that genial climate has been working eight
hours a day upon the manuscript of a new
book. Bishop Foster is one of the northern
Methodists who favors the organic union of
the two branches of the church, and the
burying of all the passions and prejudices
which the division of 1844 occasioned, and
which have been so long-lived. There will,
doubtless, be a fine congregation to hear his
sermon at the university this morning.Rev. Dr. Robert S. Barrett's missionary
work in Helena, Ark., was pronounced suc-
cessful and the people were charmed by his
personality and his preaching. The Helena World
speaks of the man as a "genial and amiable

preacher" and in one of his articles says:

"We must admit that it is not within our
power to describe the man or give any ade-
quate idea of his subject; to see, to feel, and
to hear, is the only way to know him. The
people of Helena are charmed by his personal
charms and his preaching. The Helena World
can only say go and hear him for
yourself. He is the most able and intellectual
preacher who has appeared before the
Helena audience within the memory of The
World."Father Kelley was radiant behind a hand-
some Tammany hall badge at the Hibernian
banquet Friday evening. This brilliant and genial
priest is one of the most popular divi-
nities in Atlanta and his labors for good to
men and community are indefatigable and
effective. He loves dearly a good joke, but
when he had pictured to his mind's eye St.
Patrick swathed in a green flag the mental
pose was more than his risibles could bear
with safety and he found safety in flight.Rev. Dr. Robert S. Barrett's sermon on
Sunday evening at the Church of the Re-
deemer.upon his sweet and inspiring Christian
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THE PASSING THRON.

Hon. S. P. Gilbert, solicitor general of the
Chattahoochee circuit, was in Atlanta yes-
terday. Captain Gilbert is a frequent visitor
to this city, where he is esteemed almost
as highly as he is among his home people.Recent publications commenting upon a de-
cision of the supreme court circuit have
solicited the services of Captain Gilbert in that
public did not understand that the decision
referred to had no reference whatever to the
present solicitor, but was based on a case
brought to the supreme court before Captain
Gilbert had any connection whatever with the
office. The decision was made two days
after Captain Gilbert became solicitor general,
and he did not appear in the case at all,
and, of course, had nothing whatever to do
with the record made by the lower court. The
public in its decision referred to the fact that
the solicitor general had cited cases which
had no bearing whatever on the case in point.Captain Gilbert is making a splendid solicitor
general, and if at the end of his term there
has been a better record made by any solicitor
in Georgia, it will not be because of
more earnest application or more unques-
tioned ability.Speaking of the slovenness with which official
changes are being made at Washington a noted
Georgian said, last night: "It re-
minds me of the fellow who went to mill up
in Bartow county. The miller had a slow
meal set of rocks and as the paton was
meagerly falling from the spout, he said:
'I could eat this meal as fast as it runs out!'
'Yes,' replied the miller, 'maybe, but you have
had about the way most of the 2,457
Georgians who are entitled to offices from
the present administration."Rev. Sam Jones was in Atlanta yesterday, and
looked full of snap and militant evangelism.
He goes to Elberton next week to lecture
there, thence to lecture dates in Virginia and
Pennsylvania, and will circle back to
Bowling Green, Ky., where a great taberna-
cle meeting for the Tabernacle Tabernacle
is to be held in the fall. The public in
Atlanta is making a splendid effort to have
a good meeting.Captain Gilbert is making a splendid solicitor
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THE 'SQUIRE IS DEAD,

And the Rich Englishman Has Seen His Last Fight.

A VERY LIGHT YACHTING SUIT

Gave Him a Cold Which Resulted in Pneumonia—Baseball News and Other Interesting Events.

Now that 'Squire Abingdon is dead, will the fight between Charley Mitchell and Corbett take place?

And if it does, will not the battle, win or lose, be robbed of more than half its worth to Mitchell, the English champion?

It was the 'squire who made the match with Corbett possible for Mitchell. When the fight between Mitchell and Corbett was first suggested after Corbett had whipped Champion Sullivan, Mitchell was under sentence for the assault upon some wealthy Englishman, but had been given a new trial and was awaiting the convening of the court when he was for the first time thrown in contact with George Baird, the wealthy Englishman, who was known as 'Squire Abingdon. The 'squire all his life had had a fondness for the sporting side of life and was as fond of a dog fight or foot race as he was of a prize fight or a good horse race. Mitchell, besides being one of the handsomest men in the world, has a pleasant, easy way which makes friends for him of all he meets. The 'squire was quickly won over with the English pugilist fighter and hurried to volunteer his services in any way they might be needed. Mitchell saw the opportunity and quickly caught it. It did not take him long to find the soft side of the 'squire, and before the second trial came on Mitchell had been paid off with the largest sum ever paid to an Englishman, and the bill was readily paid by the 'squire, whose wealth denied him no luxury at all.

The 'squire and the attorneys he had secured, after going over the case fully, advised Mitchell that it would be better for him to accept the sentence he had received and serve the term than to trust to another trial. Mitchell, however, agreed to do so and as he went into the prison doors who assured him that he should want for nothing while he was out of the world and that he should have a royal welcome when he had finished his term and was ready to return to life outside the prison walls.

While Mitchell was serving his term the trial of a fight between him and Corbett still went on and the 'squire who was on the outside was watching it all. But he had little to say until Mitchell's term was out. As the English pugilist walked from the prison doors he was met by the 'squire and the meeting was a happy one to both men. The fighter was happy because he was once again a free man, while the 'squire was delighted because he saw a chance to gratify one of his ambitions, that of being the patron of some great pugilist. It wasn't long after Mitchell's release before he was invited to America to make a match with Corbett for the championship of America. 'Squire Abingdon said he was ready to back the man and he met Mitchell in this country. The difficulties they had in landing in New York is well known all over the world and it was not until Mitchell declared that he had no idea of making this country his home that he was allowed to make a footing on American soil.

After Mitchell landed, however, it did not take long for those interested to make a match. The 'squire came up with the suggestion for Mitchell as quickly as the Corbett end of the string was made. But the money was hardly up before the officers of the city of New York were after the parties and the money was refunded and a quiet understanding was entered into by which the parties were to go into Canada and sign the articles and meet up the money. It was a mutual understanding that no one has been found who can deny that the money went up when the articles were signed, but there are many who doubt it.

After the match between Mitchell and Corbett had been assured the 'squire began sporting around and in a short time he became generally known. That was just before the Fitzsimmons-Hall fight and as soon as the 'squire became known he began to go around to see it played to a finish. He was induced to go behind Hall, and when the big Australian was ready for his trip to New Orleans the 'squire and Mitchell and his party left for the Crescent City, too.

The 'squire was a warm admirer of the black-haired Australian and placed quite a sum of money in his pocket. Fitzsimmons, the Australian with red hair, Charley Mitchell was behind Hall and beside him was the 'squire. As Hall and his party of friends entered the arena that evening it was hard to tell which of the three received the applause. The 'squire was easily distinguished from the fighters and from the fighter's best man. He looked to be the lightest yachting suit and the most of the fight, however, had been his coat. This left him with nothing but the lightest tropical wearing apparel. The building in which the fight took place was a close one, not having been finished and a draft was easy. Besides this, the 'squire's work placed him just where he was given the full benefit of the breeze made by the fight, but he had to walk between the rounds to cool the temperature of the fighter. This all combined to give the 'squire a severe cold and when it is known that he made no particular effort to take care of himself the pneumonic which resulted may not be an astonishing fact to the world.

Baird, or Abingdon, whichever the name may be in this country, had a short time, and yet he made friends among those with whom he came in contact. He was a pleasant, genial fellow, and all who met him were pleased with his style.

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But whether it is up or not and if the fight does come off Mitchell will not have one about him, for so much devoted to his cause as the man who died yesterday in the St. Charles hotel.

Every member of the Atlanta team is now in the city and if the day had been pleasant yesterday the twelve men would have been on the grounds.

But thin skies and chilly winds kept the boys away.

Atlanta, March 18.—There are generally followed at this time of the year with a warmer, more genial climate. If the old rule holds true tomorrow will be a day of sunshine and

warmth, and if it comes that way Murray will have his men out during the afternoon at work.

And then the fans who are allowed access to the grounds will be given an opportunity to see the men at work.

Every member of the team is in most excellent condition, and the manager is delighted with the work they have been doing since they came. But so far the work has been only such as would make them sore, a condition which always precedes a good match.

"We are at the height of work," said Manager Murray yesterday. "I am better satisfied than ever with their condition. Every member of the team is in excellent condition, and the manager is delighted with the work they have been doing since they came. But so far the work has been only such as would make them sore, a condition which always precedes a good match."

The New Orleans team is now on the grounds with the exception of Campen and Dolan. The team is looked upon as one of the strongest in the league, and Manager Powell is sure that he has a clutch of men about him. The manager thinks he is especially strong in Baldwin and Jantzen, while his infield, composed of Campen, Thorp, Doyle and Ward, is awfully up in his mind, when he makes his comparisons.

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HER PAPA WANTS HER

Little Mollie Arris Still at the Home for the Friendless.

THE CASE REVIVED AGAIN YESTERDAY.

Chief Connolly Yesterday Morning Received a Letter from Justice Barrett in Regard to the Case.

The very pretty little story of ten-year-old Mollie Arris running away from her home in Talapoosa, during her paperboy days, to live with her mamma, who had not had no money for several months, was revived in police circles yesterday morning.

It was again brought to the mind of Chief of Police that the child is especially strong in Baldwin and Jantzen, while his infield, composed of Campen, Thorp, Doyle and Ward, is awfully up in his mind, when he makes his comparisons.

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THEIR SERMONS.

Leading Ministers Talk of How They Are Prepared.

SOME WRITE THEM IN FULL

While Others Make Only Notes—They Tell How It Is Done—When They Do Their Work.

HEN church-going Atlanta is seated in the various churches listening to the words of truth ably and even beautifully expounded she gives no thought to mental labor and worry that the ministers have undergone in the preparations of their sermons.

But to the very contrary, often the words are remembered no longer than it takes to pass outside of the church. Possibly, there may have been a striking illustration or a local allusion, and it is these that linger longest in the minds of most of the members of the different congregations, and then but for an exceedingly short while.

The ministers of the city churches preach at least two sermons a week and sometimes more. Often the sermons must be prepared in short in-betweens, and do not interfere with his visits to the sick, aiding and encouraging the well, and helping the poor. Besides there are numerous other incidents, which would be to any one but a minister, actual worries.

As one of the ministers aptly put it, the making or preparation of a sermon is like the building of a house. The material is in sight but it must be gathered together and in the correct quantities. The foundation is to be considered first of all, and then the design and architecture of the building. The preacher must be careful that he does not make a lot of tenement houses out of his material. His sermons must vary in accordance with not only the tastes, but the needs of his congregation.

A number of the best known ministers of Atlanta were interviewed in regard to the manner in which they prepare their sermons, and the answers are not only interesting, but give a clear insight into the work attendant upon the making of a sermon.

Rev. S. Y. Jameson, West End Baptist.

Rev. S. Y. Jameson, who has been in charge of the West End Baptist church for the past several years, is one of the youngest and ablest divines in the city. He is very unostentatious, however, so that it is only his immediate associates who have a chance to learn of the ability which he keeps persistently hid.

"The main point with me," said Rev. Mr. Jameson, "is the selection of my text; after that the preparation of my sermon is somewhat a matter of course. When I have selected my subject, I analyze it thoroughly, and make my sermon clear to himself before ever I write it in manuscript. I may be able to preach it with more fluency. As I step into my pulpit Sunday morning, every thought and every illustration is before my mind's eye like a picture. Occasionally, I write my sermon in full, or make copious notes in order to preserve it. I use no references in the pulpit, however, do most of my thinking at night, and seldom go to bed before 12 o'clock at night. I never make or preach more than two sermons a week. I select my text early in the week, but do very little towards putting my thoughts on paper before Wednesday. After that, I lay them aside until Sunday. My sermons will average thirty-five minutes, and in a few years I intend to preach at least four or five minutes, but I have discovered that I can preach just as good a sermon in ten minutes less time. Besides, I feel that my congregation is better pleased, and all I do is for their good."

Dr. E. S. Barrett's Method.

Dean Robert Barrett is possibly one of the very few ministers who does not write out his sermons for delivery. He is a very fluent talker, however, and is always apt in his expressions. "He has received many complimentary notes, and among them one from the late Phillips Brooks and one from the late Dr. Spurgeon.

"I keep in view," said Dr. Barrett, "the needs of my congregation, and generally select some subject or text on Sunday night or Monday morning.

If it is a doctrinal or an argumentative subject, I read up on books directly in opposition to me and examine the strongest arguments to the contrary. I make it a rule to keep in my library the books that go directly against me. I don't write my sermons: life is too short, but I think about them all the week. My favorite place is in bed. I usually spend about an hour in bed and think over my text for a couple of hours, perhaps. I have no special hours of reading, but all my spare time is taken up by studying upon a line that will benefit me eventually if not at the present time."

Dr. Henry McDonald.

"My first step in the preparation of a sermon," said Dr. Henry McDonald, "is to elect such a subject as I think my people need—some truth that I think will help them in the struggle of right living. This generally suggests by some portion of the word of God—especially containing the truth intended to be taught in the sermon. I avoid using the word of God, as a sensational motto or headline sensation. I think that some phase of gospel truth, especially bearing on the way of salvation, ought to be presented in every sermon."

"I think over my subject and arrange the line in which it appears to be best to present it. I fill up this with the best matter I can. Illustrations I gather as they are suggested to me from nature, family or social history, or from whatever I may have been reading. This may fit in and add interest to the truth presented. I abhor all poor illustration books. The sermon model grows on one so that he keeps thinking, thinking about it wherever he may be. Thus I think clear through what I want to say. I have it before my mind. The points of thought are distinct themselves and are readily reproduced."

"I do not write my sermons. I keep the merest outlines. I never have any memoranda in the pulpit and never have words prepared. If I had to preach for my life, I would think out until I saw clearly and then speak as freely as if engaged in conversation."

"Other methods as the written discourse or repeating from memory without the manuscript have their excellencies and advocates. I have often felt that any other way was better than mine; still I follow the plan as above."

"After all this preparation I look to the Holy Spirit to be with me to deliver what I have asked. Him help me prepare, as well as ask Him to help the people to hear with

earliest open hearts God's word in the sanctuary."

Dr. A. F. Sherrill, Church of the Redeemer.

"Sermons are both my hope and despair—especially the latter," says Dr. Sherrill. "One is often suggested by a letter I receive or a remark I hear. The main thing is to keep filled up. I do nearly all my studying between 8 o'clock and 2 o'clock, and my reading is always in two books. First, I read an hour or more every morning critically in my Greek Testament. Second, I am now reading Hegel. He is good. He puts hope in your soul and sets you on the way to this sentence when you came in. These, me, true me, are only that ocean and that one crystal drop, that infinite of space and that one-eighth gleam, that unreachable and that invisible point, that everyone must be exercised that they look not alike, bearing in mind that they are for the use of the people, and taste varies. The foundation stone upon which I build is the solid truth, hewn from that vast quarry, the Bible. The most modern homes are built upon those solid, well-constructed, but solid rocks, which will, Atlas-like, carry their burden for years and years."

"Righteousness is the keynote to the Jewish faith. I am fond of taking my text from the Psalms, proving thereby that we can hardly improve upon the beautiful teachings of our ancestors, who above all, desire to be upright, just and forgiving. Always, however, do I base my discourses on biblical texts. The occasion often necessitates my discussing the topic of the day or the mentioning of local incidents, calculated to make an impression, as illustrations. I deliver a lecture every Friday night, and this is possibly my heaviest work. Saturday morning I deliver my sermon. I write a great deal more in the winter than I do in the summer, and do less in the fall.

"I select my text on Monday, usually, and even on Sunday, and write it on a slip of paper, or in my note book. I do most, if not nearly all, of my writing at night, often spending from three to four hours in study and writing. As I secure my points, illustrations and other materials, I make notes of them also. About Wednesday I class to write and write the sermon out in full. As a rule I write the sermon in the very worst fashion, too. There it is in his morning paper, the paper that has become almost like one's bosom friend, more like a living friend, than a mere paper. He has grown so familiar with the type and the style of makeup that he would know the paper as far as he could see it well. He used to read it every morning, on the door steps, or before the office, while breakfast was being brought to him on the street car as he went down town to attend to his day's business. That's the way he used to read it. It was an every day thing. It was the paper born the same day that he read it, warm with the heat and moisture of the press.

"Over there as a minister, he reads it four weeks and sometimes five after it is printed."

Sticks blossom than from a whole book of directions. "How to prepare a sermon; I despise homiletical magazines and plans of sermons."

Rabbi L. Reich's Lectures and Sermons.

"The preacher," said Rabbi Reich, "is the architect, builder and workman—three in one. But he must also collect the material and have them ready in his storehouse—the treasury. To show some light upon the manner in which I prepare my sermons, I would compare it to the mode of constructing an edifice. First comes the design, the solid stone foundation, then as many stories as the foundation will allow. To erect a large structure, a weak base would not do, and the building would soon totter and fall. To write a sermon means to build a house, and since every sermon is a building, great care must be exercised that they look not alike, bearing in mind that they are for the use of the people, and taste varies. The foundation stone upon which I build is the solid truth, hewn from that vast quarry, the Bible. The most modern homes are built upon those solid, well-constructed, but solid rocks, which will, Atlas-like, carry their burden for years and years."

"Think about a citizen of Atlanta doing without his Constitution as long as this. Think of his getting the papers, for instance, containing the details of Atlanta's 'black week,' as it is called, meaning the series of tragedies most awful so recently paraded in the public prints here, nearly six weeks after it had happened, and that being the first news of it to his mind!

"In fine, think of a man living just one month behind the people around his own fireside and the citizens of his own native land," and as the colonel finished speaking he shrugged his shoulders and threw out his two hands simultaneously—the little expressive gesture that even Americans acquire after they have been associated long with the descendants of the Spaniards.

To my mind that is the most serious drawback to the life of a foreign minister," continued the ex-minister, after a slight pause.

"It is a constant reminder to him that he is but of the land of the living, so far as association with his fellow citizens and friends is concerned, and remains in the very worst fashion, too. There it is in his morning paper, the paper that has become almost like one's bosom friend, more like a living friend, than a mere paper. He has grown so familiar with the type and the style of makeup that he would know the paper as far as he could see it well. He used to read it every morning, on the door steps, or before the office, while breakfast was being brought to him on the street car as he went down town to attend to his day's business. That's the way he used to read it. It was an every day thing. It was the paper born the same day that he read it, warm with the heat and moisture of the press.

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Rev. C. P. Williamson, First Christian Church.

"The method of my preparation," said Rev. Mr. Williamson, "depends somewhat on the character of the sermon which I wish to preach. If the sermon is expository, it requires a special preparation made with the professor wishes his class to see the art of style, and the vital parts of man.

"But if the sermon is to be a creation, the process is exactly the opposite. The text furnishes a model, and out of the imagination of the author, whether in the Bible or the 'book of experience.' I get the material to build it.

It is clear that one must depend largely, then, upon the study of word and a knowledge of human nature, and not upon the words of man, much out of pastoral insight and touch. The preacher who doesn't draw from these sources, finds sermon building as difficult as the matter of house-building would be without lime, brick kilns, and lumber yard.

"There is a third kind of sermon preparation differing from either of those named. It is an exactly like the development of a grain of wheat. The truth falls into the mind and the impression may be gone. But the seed stays. After a season, more or less long, it stirs. It is now living and larger. It does its own growing if not forced. All I do in cases of this kind is to enrich the soil about its roots and protect the plant from harm. It will reach the proper height of maturity. Sermons of this kind, I have observed, to be the most effective in doing good.

"As to other matters. Whatever kind of sermon I am to preach, and I rely upon the spirit for guidance in the choice of the subject, I select my text and then fit it to the character of the sermon which I wish to preach. If the sermon is expository, it requires a special preparation made with the professor wishes his class to see the art of style, and the vital parts of man.

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BROS.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

"Book" Replaces "Shadowed" in Modern Detective Parlance.

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The "Operator" Keeps Track of His Subject's Every Action—A Type in "leuth's" Line.

ning of Easter fashions under the new office holders under inspired by the columbian exposition important features find to consider and

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ed, rearranged and beautiful and thorough Neckwear and like ment. No vagary of fashion has been ig- iety, every effect of are in the field for nuous and invari- aggressive, invincible and receive a fair share

R OF PRICES.

of frugal, thrifty abnormal profits. master of our goods. the very best for the most extravagance

BROS.,
STREET.

University of Georgia, March 8, 1893.

Director, I did not receive

Georgia Experiment Station, March 6, 1893.

Dear Sir: In your favor of late date you ask my views, backed by experience, of the following proposition: "The high farming on small areas, a man of few acres, His story of the robbery had all the elements of truth. He said, in response to questions, that he had put away the package himself, given a receipt for it, but that it was stolen over night. That was all he said about the case.

"I am sending Jack Shepard."

These were the final words of the detective. The proprietor expressed surprise, but quickly left the case to Harkaway.

"A Woman in the Case."

In this time forth Harkaway was known at the hotel as "Operator No. 1." He determined to find out at once in what style Shepard was living. He learned from the directory that the clerk had a flat in the rear of the city, and he went there with his hands full and child. Operator No. 1 entered the cozy home several times disguised as a dingle in small wares. He found everything pretty and unassuming. Mrs. Shepard was no excessive amount of jewelry. The clerk belonged to one hundred clubs. He was a regular member of the church. He had, so far as Operator No. 1 could see, no expensive habits and no vices.

After working on the case for three weeks, filing daily reports of progress with the detective bureau, something quite definite was known. The woman was a woman in the park near the hotel thinking no matter over. Nothing had as yet come of all the investigations the bureau had made at the pawn shops. The diamonds had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and had swallowed them up. Operator No. 1 was now sure that there was a woman in the case, but the difficulty was to locate the woman. That day his report said:

"Took subject at usual hour and shadowed down Broadway to Fortress; then down Peachtree to John's in blue and pink; one girl tall and fair, the other short and dark; then to Saloon on Fortress near Sixth Avenue; saw a man of certain age, dressed in the free punch, leaned over the bar and had a long chat with bartender. Then out and took Sixth Avenue to Second Street, then down Peachtree again. Found a dingle, set up a hedgehog, then out and took Third Avenue elevated to Barclay street; then on 9 o'clock Ferry of New York, Ontario and Western to the West End. Took him to the lower road; no one else near us; difficult to follow without being dropped to; finally was dropped to; had to quit at once.

"What do you mean by being 'dropped to'?"

"Dropped to—why, that means when the subject takes a tumble to a man, and realizes that he is followed. In such instances we have to put another fellow on the case; tomorrow Operator No. 2 will come forward. Since the subject is on to me, we will change men."

"He thinks he has tricked you?"

"They all think that."

A week in the night.

One fine afternoon a man sauntered up to the desk and asked if Mr. Percy Renwick was stopping in that house.

Clerk Shepard replied that he had been there but that he was gone now. The man said that the present address of Mr. Renwick would be desired. The clerk said that he did not know what the address was, but would try to find out. For the present no more was said.

About this time the landlord noticed that a good deal of mail came to the hotel for Mr. Percy Renwick, but that it had suddenly stopped; there was no such name on the ledger. To Clerk Shepard the proprietor said:

"Jack, who is this man Renwick? He seems to get a lot of mail here."

"He does; he is a friend of mine; he is a druggist; but he is out of New York now. He asks me to look after his mail while he was gone."

That very night after Shepard was gone came a boy with a letter addressed to Mr. Percy Renwick. The night, circled around for it, threw it aimlessly into the same receiver and went on with his work. Half an hour later a gentleman called and asked for the Renwick letter. It was given him and he at once departed.

Montane Operator No. 2 was keeping Shepard all around town. He had shadowed the clerk in and out of saloons; he shadowed him to his home; he hung around for hours. To be a detective is to play a waiting game. A week now passed without a single incident worthy of record. Daily, however, reports of the men—Operator No. 2, and his operator, No. 3—were handed to the bureau. They told of shadowing or of "overing" the subject from the hotel and back again.

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VILLAGE FARMING.

Dr. White's Second Contribution to His Interests in So. on Th. the Subject.

Editor Constitution—The object of this communication is to make evident that it is within the power of a farmer in Georgia to practice successfully and profitably the system of agriculture known as intensive farming—the high culture of small areas.

"It is true, I can do no better than to quote in full the opinion of our agricultural director R. J. Redding of the State Experiment Station, who has written to me:

"I must interview the clerk," said Harkaway, "at once."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied the proprietor, tapping a bell.

To the page who responded the landlord gave directions that Mr. Shepard was to come to the private office.

Jack Shepard and his son were the employ of the trusted agents of the firm. Yearly thousands and thousands of dollars in cash and in property passed through his hands. His record was above reproach. Personally Shepard was a man of fine presence, graceful and commanding. He was a man of a man of few words. His story of the robbery had all the elements of truth. He said, in response to questions, that he had put away the package himself, given a receipt for it, but that it was stolen over night. That was all he said about the case.

"I am sending Jack Shepard."

These were the final words of the detective. The proprietor expressed surprise, but quickly left the case to Harkaway.

"A Woman in the Case."

From this time forth Harkaway was known at the hotel as "Operator No. 1." He determined to find out at once in what style Shepard was living. He learned from the directory that the clerk had a flat in the rear of the city, and he went there with his hands full and child. Operator No. 1 entered the cozy home several times disguised as a dingle in small wares. He found everything pretty and unassuming. Mrs. Shepard was no excessive amount of jewelry. The clerk belonged to one hundred clubs. He was a regular member of the church. He had, so far as Operator No. 1 could see, no expensive habits and no vices.

After working on the case for three weeks, filing daily reports of progress with the detective bureau, something quite definite was known. The woman was a woman in the park near the hotel thinking no matter over. Nothing had as yet come of all the investigations the bureau had made at the pawn shops. The diamonds had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and had swallowed them up. Operator No. 1 was now sure that there was a woman in the case, but the difficulty was to locate the woman. That day his report said:

"Took subject at usual hour and shadowed down Broadway to Fortress; then down Peachtree to John's in blue and pink; one girl tall and fair, the other short and dark; then to Saloon on Fortress near Sixth Avenue; saw a man of certain age, dressed in the free punch, leaned over the bar and had a long chat with bartender. Then out and took Sixth Avenue to Second Street, then down Peachtree again. Found a dingle, set up a hedgehog, then out and took Third Avenue elevated to Barclay street; then on 9 o'clock Ferry of New York, Ontario and Western to the West End. Took him to the lower road; no one else near us; difficult to follow without being dropped to; finally was dropped to; had to quit at once.

"What do you mean by being 'dropped to'?"

"Dropped to—why, that means when the subject takes a tumble to a man, and realizes that he is followed. In such instances we have to put another fellow on the case; tomorrow Operator No. 2 will come forward. Since the subject is on to me, we will change men."

"He thinks he has tricked you?"

"They all think that."

A week in the night.

One fine afternoon a man sauntered up to the desk and asked if Mr. Percy Renwick was stopping in that house.

Clerk Shepard replied that he had been there but that he was gone now. The man said that the present address of Mr. Renwick would be desired. The clerk said that he did not know what the address was, but would try to find out. For the present no more was said.

About this time the landlord noticed that a good deal of mail came to the hotel for Mr. Percy Renwick, but that it had suddenly stopped; there was no such name on the ledger. To Clerk Shepard the proprietor said:

"Jack, who is this man Renwick? He seems to get a lot of mail here."

"He does; he is a friend of mine; he is a druggist; but he is out of New York now. He asks me to look after his mail while he was gone."

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MR. C. W. HUNNICUTT.

He Has Lived in Atlanta for More Than Forty Years.

AN ENTERPRISING AND SUCCESSFUL MAN

He Is Now the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, of Which He Has Been a Member Thirteen Years.

There is, perhaps, no citizen of Atlanta who is better known than Mr. C. W. Hunnicutt, the present chairman of the board of county commissioners.

For more than forty years Mr. Hunnicutt has been a resident of this city, and, during that interval of time, he has been

the mines, he returned to the farm, satisfied with the quiet life of a simple planter, and hoping by steady application to win at least a competence from the soil which he scraped with his plow. The cultivation of cotton was far more profitable to him at least, than digging for gold.

In 1846, he bought a little farm for himself near Salt Springs. As he had a little ready money, he paid a part of it down and gave his notes for the balance, payable on easy terms. It happened, however, that he was taken sick the following year, and when his notes matured he had no ready money with which to meet them.

In the meantime, he came to Atlanta, and contracted to work for Haas & Levi. The former was the father of Mr. Isaac Haas and the uncle of Mr. Jacob Haas, of this city. The contract was for six months, and the consideration was merely his board for that length of time. A month after his arrival, he was sent to Cartersville to take the place of a man who had left the establishment at that

establishment in an old smokehouse near Lowry's old bank, under the firm name of Hunnicutt & Bellingrath. The partnership was, in reality, formed quite a while before this, and was the humble precursor of the present large establishment which bears that name. They were engaged, at that time, in the work of coppersmiths. They subsequently moved to a place on Wall street, and from there to Marietta. In 1876, the present handsome edifice was built, and at the latter place they have ever since enjoyed the favor of the people of Atlanta.

Mr. Hunnicutt was a charter member of the first fire company ever organized in this city. That was in 1851, and one of the engines, "Blue Dick," which was operated at the time, had a national celebrity.

He was also a member of the city council before the war. He was re-elected to that office in 1859, but was compelled to resign on account of ill health.

Thirteen years ago, he organized the board of county commissioners for this county, and for the last three years has been honored with the high office of chairman. He has filled this latter position with distinguished ability, and his services on the board have been productive of much good to the county.

Mr. Hunnicutt was married, in 1857, to Miss Letitia Payne, a daughter of Mr. Edwin Payne, who founded the First Methodist church and, also, Payne's Chapel, which bears his name. He has a large and interesting family of six children, four daughters and two sons. His residence, on the corner of Spring and Hunnicutt avenue, is one of the loveliest homes in Atlanta, and is strictly the abode of southern hospitality.

As a steward in the First Methodist church, Mr. Hunnicutt has been a prominent figure in the spiritual growth of that denomination. He has, also, led a blameless life in the community, and his example is that of a high-toned and honored Christian gentleman. His ambition in life has not been to accumulate money, but to lead in the honest rivalry of business men. In this endeavor he has met with flattering success, and, out of his abundant means, he has given liberally to those causes which his judgment has approved.

A Common Sense Remedy.

In the matter of curatives that you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is Allecock's Porous Plasters. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by testimonials from those who have used them. They require no change of diet and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toll and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentations. Ask for Allecock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE WRITERS OF MOBILE.

A Brilliant Group of Southern Literary People.

Mobile Correspondence, Detroit Free Press.

Mobile is the Boston of the south, or, as Carter Harrison observed, Chicago is the Mobile of the north. Whichever way you consider it this city has produced more literary people than any town of its size in America, by far.

The fame of some of its authors is unequalled. Who has not heard of that divinely inspired "Poet Priest of the South," the dear old Father Ryan? Who has not wept at his heart-rending sighs over the "lost cause" and of his pathetic address to the flag?

"Fold it; furl it; let it rest."

Who is the author of "The Man in the Valley of Silence?" Yes, Mobile has given to the world many brilliant minds.

J. C. DeLeon, author of "Six Years in the Confederate Capitol" and the "Rock on the Rye," is a resident of Mobile; so also was Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chandler, the young lady who gained such prominence as the author of the "Quick or the Dead?" Everybody here calls her "Emilie" Rives-Chandler. Her first novel, "The Well-known," written as Elizabeth W. Bellamy, Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, Miss Nina Pickett, Miss Annie Bozeman Lyon, Mrs. Ledyard Scott and "Lillian Coosa Rower."

This is a sample of the fair literary lights which Mobile has contributed to the nation, but her masculine celebrities are also many and famous.

Colonel Joseph Hodgson, historian of the "Cradle of the Confederacy"; Dr. H. Taylor, Dr. P. J. Roberts, Dr. J. Edward Lyon de V. Chaudron; Dr. Frank Crighton; Gibbs, Gardi-

son, S. McNeill and a host of other Mobileans whose names rank high in the literature of the country.

I had the pleasure of meeting several of the literary people, among the number Miss Anne Bozeman Lyon, a charming lady and brilliant young novelist.

Her brilliant success greeted me last evening.

"No Saint." It is a bright, idealistic story of southern life.

Her analyses of emotion are unique and natural, and her treatment of a perfect man is crisp and practical.

She will soon have ready for

the press another charming story of the sunny south, with the scene laid in the swamps of Mississippi.

Considering the fact that she spends many months in these dismal retreats, Miss Lyon will draw

upon her imagination for graphic and picturesque sketches of scenes of loveliness.

Many of her short stories have been published in the leading magazines.

LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Elixir.

For biliousness, constipation, malaria, colds and the grippe.

Indigestion, sick and nervous headache.

Sleeplessness, nervousness and heart disease.

For fever, chills, debility and kidney disease, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic relaxation, take Lemon Elixir.

By Month Lemon Elixir is prepared from the fresh juice of lemons, combined with other vegetable liver tonics, and will not fail you in any of the above named diseases. 50c. and \$1 bottles at druggists.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mosley, Atlanta.

LEMON HOT DROPS.

Cures all colds, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, bronchitis, hemorrhages, and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant reli-

able. 25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mosley, Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Anne Shaw, of Virginia, who has

conducted twenty-one parties to Europe,

will start from Birmingham, Ala., April

24th, with a party of ladies, for Colorado,

California, the Alaska voyage, Yellowstone Park, Chicago exposition, Niagara and New York. Winter parties to Europe in October. References in Atlanta. For circulars, address Miss Anne Shaw, care John Murray & Co., 32 Nassau street, New York.

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WITHOUT PAIN OR CONFINEMENT.

Opium and Whisky Habit Cured at Your Home.

Patients continue business while under treatment.

Patients are all others who stopped immediately on beginning treatment.

do not need them. No treatment yet discovered to compare with it. Have given special attention to practice of the art for over twenty years, with continued and successful increase in practice. Book of cases free. B. M. Woolley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

For new or second-hand machinery in thorough repair, call on or telephone Joseph S. Cook & Co.

sun 15 sun 16 sun 17



MR. C. W. HUNNICUTT.

point, and to remain for a month, when his successor would be sent to his relief.

He undertook the responsible duty and went to Cartersville. While there he received a very abusive letter from the man who had sold him the little farm near Salt Springs. The latter charged him with running away, and seeking thereby to avoid the payment of his honest debt. Burning with indignation, Mr. Hunnicutt, on his way to Atlanta, went by to see his creditor. He faced him like a man, and gave him to understand that he was sure to get his money.

He added, with a stroke of determination, that he fully expected to see the day when he could buy him and every slave he had on his farm. The latter made no reply, and the conversation ended.

Mr. Hunnicutt came to Atlanta. His employees were pleased with his work and wanted him to go back. He told them that he had contracted to work for them in Atlanta for six months in consideration of his board, and if they sent him back to Cartersville they would have to pay him a salary. This they agreed to do, and the salary was fixed at \$15 a month. After four months he returned to Atlanta and went back to Cartersville at a salary of \$25 a month. He remained there until 1849, at which time the smallpox broke out in the county, and he found it necessary to close out the business which he did for his employers.

Mr. Hunnicutt is a native of North Carolina, and was born in the celebrated county of Mecklenburg, on the 27th of February, 1827. He is well preserved for his years, and is still, to all outward appearances, a hale and hearty man.

Like many of the prominent citizens of Atlanta, his first experiences began in the country, and his earliest recollections date back to the furrows which he made in the North Carolina mountains. He was a "likely" youth, to quote the adjective in vogue at that time, and was almost continually in the open field. Instead of plowing a mule, however, it was the custom in that section, with a large number of farmers, to plow horses. These horses were large and handsome animals, as the climate of Mecklenburg produced, and they were very generally substituted for the less "aristocratic" mule.

At any rate, Mr. Hunnicutt plowed with a horse, and his experiences as a young farmer were such as to fully introduce him to all of the hardships and difficulties of that interesting occupation.

The good results of this apprenticeship to the plow was a healthy constitution, which lasted him for several years. He was strong and healthy, as a lad, and could hold his own with any of the "laboring swain."

In 1836 his father decided, after mature deliberation, to shift his residence from the mountains of North Carolina to a quiet and attractive spot on the banks of the Chattahoochee river in Georgia.

Before moving his family, however, he came to this state on a tour of observation. He cast his eyes over the country in every direction, and finally settled upon a piece of ground in Cobb county, near Howell's Ferry. Here, in 1838, he brought his family.

It was then that Mr. Hunnicutt became a resident of Georgia. On his way to his new home, it was necessary to pass over that area of country that is now occupied by this city. He had no idea then of ever living in these parts. The country was heavily wooded, and the avenues which are now lined with beautiful homes were then covered with a somber forest of oak and hickory. He stopped at "Whitethall Inn," a small caravansary which was kept by Charter Humphreys, and which was situated near the present town of West End. There was not a house in sight at that time, and the forest was about as wild and uninviting as when it was the exclusive property of the Indians.

Having settled on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, he resumed his position behind the plow, and worked faithfully at his task. Before he was twenty years of age, his father gave him the privilege, after he had laid by his crop, of doing as he pleased with the remainder of his time. The first venture which carried him into other parts, for the purpose of trying his luck, was an opportunity which was offered him to work in a gold mine. These mines were located near Pine mountain, not a great many miles from his home. His acquisition of wealth, however, was by no means as rapid as he fancied it would be, from the faith which he naturally put in his young dreams. He went to work with a stout heart, and, though he dug for gold, the little earnings which came to him were usually in silver. The quantity of that was by no means abundant, and the small sum of 30 cents sufficed as the measure of his work, at least to the notion of Mr. Petty, the man who gave him this lucrative occupation.

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KEELY COMPANY.

Napoleonic Bargains in Cottons.

Cotton Dress Goods. It doesn't take much of a memory to reach back to the time when a few sorts or so covered the whole field of Cotton Dress Goods. What marvelous jumping ahead those spinners and dyers have been doing! It would be one of the old-time merchants open his eyes to take a turn through the long aisles at our store that are flanked by the Printed Cotton Fabrics. You'd hardly see as many in a national exhibition.

Such a stock was never before grouped under one retail roof.

The Cream of Cotton Fashions.

Prints in myriad styles, and there is not a mean color or ugly design among them. To get such beauties at about wholesale cost is a rare happening.

And Striped Dress Gingham. Plenty of women will read this one item with delight. The color combinations and variations are great.

Outing Flannel. Those who know where styles ripen first will be seen at the counter that holds these beautiful effects.

Handsome Printed Satsuma Muslins	12 ¹ / ₂ C
Fast dye Indigo-blue Bengal Lawns	12 ¹ / ₂ C
Brilliant Sateens in all the new tints	12 ¹ / ₂ C
Printed Cashmere Twills—a novelty	12 ¹ / ₂ C
French Percales in exquisite colors and designs	12 ¹ / ₂ C

Well details of the intrinsic value of the above items would bore you. But it is interesting to know that they are eventful offerings and include wonderfully large varieties in kinds and colors. See the announcement early Monday morning. They are twelve-and-a-half cents trade trophies.

Double-fold English Cambrics. The quality is very superior. As types to come so is a newspaper description to this lot of goods. Utterly inadequate.

Persian Dimities. Thirty different styles and colorings. Will be sold in patterns, but cannot be cut in miscellaneous lengths.

Chiffon Gingham. This is an extra tempting lot that is rapidly coming to market. Their popularity is based upon beauty and cheapness.

There scores of other rare Wash Goods. The fascinating French Organies printed in designs in blue, lilac, pink, nile, and rose. The hand that guides the Keely Company's pen writes Silk Gingham almost without volition. They are a success here.

Short Talk for Quick Silk Buyers.

The public, always wise, sees here the assembly of Dress Silks that outstrips the rivalry of the month. The responsive sales are gratifying. But in business life as in physical, growth is condition of health. Therefore the sales must increase.

Deliberate Plans Inspire These Bargains.

Silks in dark and light grounds that are beautified in myriad ways by clever workmen who give their lives up to the study. The regular price in any market is Your choice to-morrow.

Department of elegant figured China Silks. This lot is the residue of those imported stuffs which sold so generously at \$1. Your choice of them tomorrow.

China Silks in all the new and popular colors. These goods were sent from China to Lyons to be dyed, thence to New York to be sold. Are worth Your choice tomorrow at.

China Silks. The daintiest stripes conceivable. The coolest, freshest, airiest we have ever seen for shirt waists and like uses. They are worth 75c. Your choice tomorrow.

China Chiffon. Beautiful gas-light tints for evening dresses. Filmy softness and delicacy combined with the sturdiness and stay-there qualities of heavier stuffs. Worth \$1.00. Your choice tomorrow at.

China Silks. Delightful color plays. New tricks of weave. More than distinct styles. Reviving almost every Silk gracefulness of the past and making it with the best fashion wit of today. Stripes, plaids, checks, melanges, and novelty effects. Worth \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50. Choice tomorrow at.

China Silks. Anything that fashion and good sense call for. No old, slow, poky styles; no mean sleazy pretenders. Not one of them has a place anywhere on those long stretches of life.

Our gratitude is due to the guests that inspire the salespeople in the Dress Goods. Enclosed are some rules among them. With a magnificent stock at their backs, and generous public presentation before their faces, they are, of course, earnest and enthusiastic.

The story of the whole Dress Goods stock is a series of chapters, each more striking than the other as you read.

See the Goods and You'll Be Pleased.

Cashmere. This fabric will be a feature in tomorrow's trading. Discriminating women will seize upon it. Various color combinations.

Twills. A successful rival of the top-lofty styles. A stuff that has never been surpassed for the money.

Novelties. They glint and shimmer and blend into eight of the choicest novelties. A big lot, but not equal to the demand.

Henriettes. A dress cloth that is being called for more and more. Sedate and modest purses value highly its worth and grace. This number is in every detail and is a great bargain at.

Challis. Colors and designs that are curios of fine art. Softest, fluffiest and our price is a third under the usual retail charge.

Cotton. An ideal stuff for evening wear. The colors are clear and exact; the qualities excellent; the width 36 in. plump.

KEELY COMPANY.

THE FAIR

A Bright Monday.

Whether it rains or shines, Monday will be bright at The Fair. It will be dollar-bright. We began the great 25 per cent discount sale on Dress Goods and Silks; we are going to keep it up. Not a yard of Black Goods, Colored Dress Goods and Silk can escape this enormous reduction. Tomorrow will be a bright Monday for you.

25 per cent discount off on Dress Goods and Silks.

Specials at The Fair:

One lot of dress goods remnants, 3 to 6 yards, choice things for children's dresses and wrappers.

A new Peabody yard wide Bleaching at

7c. New extra heavy Bed Ticking at 15c yard, with 22c.

Dress Gingham at 8c yard.

New dress Satines at 12 1/2c yard.

Dress Patterns, 10 yards, in new prints, at 7c.

10c 4-bread Sheet at 19c.

New Breakfast Napkins at 25c doz.

Turkey-red Table Damask at 25c.

All linen damask Towels, good size, 10c.

Remnants in damask Linen at 10c half price.

New white Checks, 10c size, at 8c.

Remnants of white Lawn, 2 to 8 yards, at 8c yard.

New India Linen at 10c.

New Percale 10c.

Apron Gingham at 5c.

A new stock of Window Shades from

30c up.

New dotted Swiss for curtains at 10c yard.

New Silloline at 15c.

New extra wide Drapery Silks at 74c.

Ernest Barro Perfumes, \$1 size,

10c.

Pract. Castle Soap at 5c cake, imported castle.

Double plated silver Spoons and Forks at 25c package.

All \$1 Kid Gloves at 75c Monday morning.

New draped Embroideries at 8c yard up.

An entirely new stock of Laces in charge of our Miss Keely. We ask you to see the new designs at our Lace counter.

Purple Veiling!

(These shades and colors are most desirable.)

Easter Novelties! Our center window displays many pretty trinkets for Easter offerings.

New hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 5c.

Dauber hemstitched Handkerchiefs of

China silk at 15c.

New Hosiery in fast black at 10c.

Fast black silk Hose at \$1.

An excellent lot of fine Pocketbooks at

25c.

Five Card Cases, leather, sterling silver.

25 per cent discount on Dress Goods.

MILLINERY AT THE FAIR.

(South Room.)

Our workroom is now a busy scene of millinery study. Miss Muller has returned from New York. Your early orders can now be executed, and we advise you to make selections for Easter soon, because the rush will be great. Our opening will be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, March 27th, 28th and 29th.

New Violets at 25c doz up.

Children's Caps, military shape, at 25c.

Trimmed Sailor at 25c.

Baby Caps in various variety.

The famous \$1 S. C. Corsets at 74c tomorrow.

50 doz. silk Roses at 50c spray.

Frosted Violets! Satin Violets! Wait for our opening. The Fair is leading in fine millinery.

Opening days Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, March 27th, 28th and 29th.

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Opening days Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, March 27th, 28th and 29th.

New Violets at

\$50,000 STOCK OF WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY AT AUCTION

H. M. RICH & CO.

AUCTIONEERS

As we intend to increase our manufacturing department and devote our time to the wholesale branch of our business exclusively, we will close out our entire retail stock at auction, commencing Monday, March 20th, at 10:30 a.m., and continue daily at 10:30 p.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. at our store, 69 Whitehall street.

The stock consists of a fine line of Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, solid gold and R. P. Chains, Rings, etc. A full line of Sterling Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Bric-a-Bric, Clocks, Bronzes, Gold and Silver Head Canes and Umbrellas, Opera Glasses and everything pertaining to a first-class Jewelry store. Don't fail to attend this large sale of Jewelry. The ladies are requested to attend the morning and afternoon sales to avoid the crowds at night.

A. L. DELKIN COMPANY
69 WHITEHALL STREET, NEXT TO HIGH'S.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Methodist.

First Methodist Church, corner of Peachtree and Houston streets—Rev. J. B. Hobbs, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. J. W. Heidt, D.D., and at 8 p.m. by Professor Charles Lane. Class meeting at 3:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Trinity M.E. church, south corner Trinity Avenue and Whitehall street—Rev. Walker Lewis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. W. H. Winder, D.D., pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. Largest church in the city; inclined floor; few pews. Everybody welcome here.

Boulevard Methodist, corner Boulevard and Houston streets—Rev. J. K. Kendall, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. Sam W. Small, and at 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Religious services throughout the week. A cordial invitation extended to all.

Martha Avenue, M. E. church, south—Rev. Isaac S. Hopkins, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Payne's Chapel, corner of Luckie and Hunicutt—Rev. D. D. D. pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Marrietta Street Methodist Episcopal church—Rev. R. H. Robb, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Moore Memorial Church, corner West Baker and Luckie streets—Rev. A. R. Holderty, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Seats free. A cordial welcome to strangers.

Park street Methodist church, West End—Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., pastor. Preaching today at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Edgewood M. E. church, Rev. John M. White, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. T. T. Christian, and at 7:30 p.m. an entertainment by the women's missionary society. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Marrietta street mission—J. F. Barclay, superintendent. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. Temperance school at 2:30 p.m. Preaching at 7:30 by Rev. Sam W. Small. Religious services Sunday, Thursday and Friday nights.

North Avenue mission, corner North Avenue and Fowler street. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited.

W. H. Barnes' church, corner of Peachtree and Henderson's store, end of Pryor street dummy—Preaching at 7:30 p.m.

Trinity Home mission church, Rev. Leonard S. St. John, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Epworth Methodist church, Edgewood, J. T. Davis, Jr., pastor—Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets—Rev. J. E. Haworth, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Second Baptist Tabernacle, Mitchell street, near Loyd Rev. H. McDonald, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. A. T. Spalding. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Third Baptist church, Jones Avenue—Rev. A. H. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. A. S. Morris. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Sixth Baptist church, corner Hunter and Margaret streets—Rev. A. H. St. John, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Seventh Baptist church, corner Bellwood avenue and Peachtree street—Rev. A. H. Wiggin, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

West End Baptist church, Lee street, West End—Rev. S. J. Jameson, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Central (Fourth) Baptist church, corner Peters and Fair streets—J. M. Britton, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

First Baptist church, corner Bell and Fulton streets—Rev. V. C. Norcross, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. J. G. Gibson, and at 7:30 p.m. by Rev. A. T. Spalding. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

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Third Baptist church, Jones Avenue—Rev. A. H. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. A. S. Morris. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Sixth Baptist church, corner Hunter and Margaret streets—Rev. A. H. St. John, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Seventh Baptist church, corner Bellwood avenue and Peachtree street—Rev. A. H. Wiggin, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

West End Baptist church, Lee street, West End—Rev. S. J. Jameson, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

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LION NEAR WEST END

Captain Gay, Night Watchman at West view Cemetery, Attacked by It.

TWO DOGS KILLED FRIDAY NIGHT.

The People in the Neighborhood of West view Bally Frightened—What Kind of an Animal Can It Be?

The wild animal that has been terrorizing the inhabitants of the outskirts of West End is not a "hyena fake," but has developed into a mountain lion or perhaps something more terrible.

The monster attacked Captain Gay Friday night, after having killed his two little Scotch terriers. Captain Gay fired at the beast twice, wounded him at the second fire and causing him to run.

The attack occurred Friday night about 11 o'clock inside of Westview cemetery, of which place Captain Gay is night police. The captain had two energetic little dogs, Scotch terriers, that stay with him all night, and by their sharp sight are most serviceable companions.

Just a little before the hour stated Captain Gay heard his two dogs barking loudly, and thought it was a half-trained scamp. Finally the captain started out to investigate the cause of so much unseasonable on the part of his dogs, but he had hardly taken twenty steps in the direction of the barking when he heard one of his faithful dogs yell with pain. The yell was followed by a deep growl, and in the darkness Captain Gay could see only too plainly a giant, large, vicious-looking animal that was known to be roaming in the neighborhood came over Captain Gay and he hurriedly retraced his steps and quickly secured his gun.

Grabbing his gun and following the remaining dog, he returned to investigate the cause of the racket. The terrier needed no urging, but led on to the fray. In the meantime the animal had taken the body of the first terrier off about a hundred yards and was about to eat it. The other dog did not hesitate to attack the animal alone and rushed at it, closely followed by Captain Gay. As the terrier approached the mountain lion it released its hold of the dead dog, snapped up the live one, killing it instantly, and made straight for the captain.

Captain Gay fired, but the lion still came at him apparently unharmed; the second shot was aimed and the animal was struck, a fortunate thing for the captain. After the lion fled Captain Gay examined the bodies of his two dogs and found that every bone in the body of the first dog killed had been broken by the strong jaws of the blood-thirsty monster.

The number of dogs that the supposed mountain lion has killed is eight, but Captain Gay is the only person that the animal has had the opportunity to attack. Since the advent of Captain Gay and his two dogs, the people in the neighborhood of the cemetery are worse wrought up than ever, especially among the negroes, who are actually afraid to venture out in broad daylight.

What Captain Gay Has to Say.

"Yes," said Captain Gay, "I caught a good glimpse of the animal, and to me it looked a great deal like a mountain lion, although I had heard of a different appearance than those seen here before. A ordinary amount of hair on its body. The thing that I regret most is the death of my two faithful dogs—they were brave little creatures. They called me out by their barking about 11 o'clock Friday night and I went out immediately to look into the cause of the row, as they rarely ever barked without good cause. The beast, whatever it is, had already killed one of my terriers, and the second one I saw. Like the first, the live dog met its fate and the wild animal rushed at me. I fired once; it continued to make for me. I shot the second time and I must have hit it, for it fled, growling. At any rate I believe that my life was in danger.

"If the neighborhood is frightened it has every reason to be. Every bone in the body of the dog first killed was broken.

"It is very evident that in order to get rid of the wild and dangerous animal an organized hunt will have to take place, and that soon, if the mountain lion continues to kill dogs."

To Believe the Truth

About the efficacy in obstinate cases of dyspepsia of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, requires no stretch of credulity. Are you troubled with indigestion? If so, try it, not reluctantly, but with a determined, resolute, persistent course. Prompt relief, uninterrupted, will be the result. The dyspeptic, the bilious, the nervous, the rheumatic, the malaria and kidney-troubled attest its efficacy. A wine-glassful before meals.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN RESIDENCES.

reminent Atlantians Who Are Having Their Homes Lighted with Them.

The Georgia Electric Light Company have fully demonstrated the fact that a modern residence is no longer "modern" unless lighted with electricity. The residents of Atlanta, who are foremost in home decoration, are beginning to appreciate the superiority of electricity as an illuminant over gas.

Associate Justice Samuel Lumpkin of the supreme court in speaking of electric light.

"The Georgia Electric Light Company have wired my new house on Piedmont avenue, and are now lighting the same with electric lights. I am much pleased with the work they have done, and delighted with the lights themselves. They are clear, bright, steady and beautiful, and incomparably superior to any lights I have heretofore enjoyed."

Among other residences which are being made brilliant by the use of the mysterious fluid are those of Mr. W. L. Peeler, William Dickson, Frank E. Block, W. H. Inman, E. C. Spaulding, H. F. Leake, Major Livingston Mims, S. M. Inman, Louis Beck, W. H. Lowe, of Peachtree street; Clarence K. Powers, Franklin, Leon, and Captain J. W. English, Cone street. These residents have wired their houses throughout with electricity, which makes a total of about 800 lights.

"See the display of rich cut glassware in our window today, the finest in the city."

MAIER & BERKELE,

31 Whitehall street.

All the best varieties of grape vines at the new seed store, 19 South Broad street.

Strawberry Plants.

We have all the best varieties. Bucher & Boyd, 19 South Broad street.

Consumption.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by a friend, a missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all those maladies, and also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he desires to sell his remedy. I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Name by mail, by addressing, and stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES,
820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. J. M. Lee.

Formerly of this city, but recently largely interested in Florida and Wisconsin resort hotels, is now proprietor of the Victoria hotel, Chicago. The Victoria is a new, modern, first-class, American-plan hotel. Rates \$3, \$4 and \$5 a day. 4th fl.

Are you looking for fine leather furniture? Snook & Son's rooms are packed with it.

"See the display of rich cut glassware in our window today, the finest in the city."

MAIER & BERKELE,

31 Whitehall street.

MAX KUTZ & CO

52 WHITEHALL STREET 52

"True Merit Is the Keynote to Success."

I FIRST GRAND MILLINERY OPENING SPRING—1893

MONDAY, -- March 20
TUESDAY, -- March 21
WEDNESDAY, March 22

MAX KUTZ & CO.

52 WHITEHALL STREET.

HAVERTY'S SPECIAL RUN

PARLOR GOODS

FOR THIS WEEK.

Commencing Monday, March 20,

M. HAVERTY

Cheapest Furniture Man South,
77 WHITEHALL ST. AND 64 SOUTH BROAD ST., ATLANTA, GA.

GREAT BARGAIN WEEK

IN VERY FINE FURNITURE. TEN CARLOADS JUST PLACED ON OUR FLOORS, MAKING THEM ALMOST IMPASSABLE. THE HANDSOMEST AGGREGATION OF ELEGANT BEDROOM, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITS EVER SHOWN IN THE SOUTH.

MAHOGANY, WHITE MAPLE, ANTIQUE OAK AND WALNUT.

300 PIECES OF GOLD FURNITURE!

LOUIS XIV., XV., XVI. DESIGNS.

See These Beautiful Articles.

THE HANDSOMEST LINE OF PARLOR SUITS, TURKISH COUCHES, CHAIRS AND ROCKERS IN GENUINE LEATHER, SILK TAPESTRIES AND BRASS ATTACHED, EVER SEEN IN ATLANTA.

OVER 100 COMPLETE SOLID OAK AND MAHOGANY DINING ROOM SUITS ON OUR FLOORS.

UNMATCHABLE IN VARIETY, PRICE AND FINISH.

See Our One Thousand Dollar Sideboard!

THE ONLY ONE IN THE SOUTH.

SOLID OAK SUITS ONLY \$15.

BEAUTIFUL CHINA SUITS ONLY \$20.

HAT RACKS, GLASS DOOR WARDROBES, BOOK CASES, FANCY CHAIRS, CABINETS, EASLES, HUNDREDS OF FANCY ARTICLES, MANY OF THEM AT HALF PRICE. IT WILL INTEREST YOU TO WALK THROUGH OUR ROOMS, WHETHER YOU WISH TO BUY OR NOT.

GATE CITY BANK CHECKS TAKEN FOR FURNITURE AND 25 PER CENT.

PAID IN CASH!

P. H. Snook & Son.

R. H. Wilson & Co., Agents

N. R. Fowler, Auctioneer.

Executor's Sale of Central Property.

No. 34 Cone St. and 233 Luckie St.

Part of the estate of W. A. Moore, deceased, will be sold at auction on the premises at 4 o'clock p.m.

March 28, 1893.

Titles perfect. Terms $\frac{1}{4}$ cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months, with 8 per cent interest on deferred payments, or all cash if so desired.

Mr. Fowler will sell for the executor of said estate that elegant 11-room brick dwelling, now occupied by W. W. Draper, situated on the west side of Cone street, corner Poplar, and opposite the residence of Hon. J. W. English, and within two blocks of postoffice. House contains all modern conveniences.

The property on Luckie street consists of a neat newly painted cottage of five rooms on lot fronting 102 feet. Adjoins the Presbyterian parsonage and the residence of Mr. Morris, with the Marietta street public school in front. The street is paved and the lot large enough to build another house.

Terms as above. Sold by order of the executors of said estate.

E. W. MARSH,
W. W. DRAPER,
JOHN M. MOORE,
WILMER L. MOORE.

DO YOU KNOW

That Easter will be here in two weeks? Have you given any thought to what you are going to wear on that day? You certainly want a new suit. It's a question what you are going to wear, and where you are going to get it.

COME TO US,

where you can see the very largest assortment of Spring Suitings and Trouserings in this city. Come here, where you know the prices are right, and where you can find the very latest fabrics in grand array. It makes little difference what particular style of goods you may desire, if it can be found anywhere, you will find it among our immense assortment.

WE GUARANTEE

TO EVERY PURCHASER

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION!

Our goods are cut, trimmed and made in first-class style. All goods made by us are pressed, cleaned and kept in repair for one year free of charge. We offer you inducements greater than any tailoring house in this city.

Greatest Assortment of Styles!

LOWEST PRICES!

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Order this week and avoid the rush.

Our out-of-town friends can secure our line of samples, tape line, fashion plate and rules for self-measurement by sending 10c for postage. State style of goods wanted.

KAHN BROS.,

THE LEADING TAILORS,

NO. 8 WHITEHALL STREET,

ATLANTA, GA.

Open Every Night Until 9 P. M.

We show a very large assortment of \$20 Suitings and \$5 Pants.

EASTER BONNETS AND STYLES

FASHIONABLE HEADWEAR.

New Bonnets That Will Be Worn on Easter Sunday—How They Are Made.

The importers and designers of feminine apparel say there is no country on the toilet caprice of the American woman, and that her perennial coquetry finds its most individual expression in her chapeau.

To fashion for the American trade has long been the study of several of the largest hat and bonnet houses of Paris.

The French importations for spring wear, largely influenced by the taste of American wholesale buyers who claim to know the wants of the American market, are already on the counters of all the great metropolitan shops. Indeed, Paris importers, like our magazine editors, prepare the spring numbers six months in advance. This is why, despite increase and rapid transit, that American styles en masse are always three or more months behind modes prevailing in Paris. What European women of fashion are now wearing in the sunny Riviera we shall see here later on.

Still in our great cities there is an elusive little inner world of modistes who buy hats in Paris, import them by steamer, the latest fashions, not of general importers, but of certain makers. There are also a few autocratic dressmakers who import hats and bonnets for their patrons; and there is, at least, in New York, more than one private milliner with her own clientele, who has no advertisement save the name of her shop, and makes, indeed, only to order, and whose "creations" express the best taste of women noted for artistic and individual dressing.

What a Private Importer Says.

The leaders of Gotham society are not copyists, and these private buyers of whom I speak are never sure that their Parisian masterpieces are going to find unqualified favor in the eyes of American beauty.

Returning home on a late ocean steamer, one of these exclusive importers confided her trials to an appreciative passenger.

"I have the very latest creations," she

said, "things that Paris fashions have not yet seen. My stock is the choicest and costliest, yet, despite my long experience, I can never rely upon my selections. The season is always full upon us before we can predict the drift of popularity."

"One thing, you never can tell what an American woman wants in a bonnet. For instance, the crown of a Paris bonnet is made to fit the head comfortably, and the Parisian dresses her hair accordingly, but an American subjects her bonnet to any distortion that will fit it to the arrangement of her coiffure.

In fact, the prevailing style of hair has made a new style of bonnet.

At the present moment, Parisian girls wearing their hats brushed high on the forehead—very trying but very distinctive—much wavy, with broad effect at the sides and caught in a loose coil at the nape of the neck. That is the accepted coiffure. To it now the coiffure shops are thronged. The new coiffure costs the price of a single waving. In the rush of a great social occasion I saw a woman at Lethericares pay \$40 to have her hair waved.

"It is this uncovered forehead that is responsible this spring for the most radical of departures in millinery. Hats are worn in Paris off the face and face trimmings are becoming. Now, to wear the Parisian creation properly, American women will have to adopt the Parisian coiffure. Otherwise we will be forced," added the importer with a heart-breaking sigh, "to modify the shapes."

High Colored Straws Will Be Popular.

A glance through the wholesale houses and dry goods stores recognizes the reign of straw—in form and color wonderful to behold. A higher key of color is the striking

rim is a circle of dentures; they seem to be secured by crushing the rim in the fingers at shaphazard.

Bonnets are posed in front and scooped out at the sides, sometimes they dip in and square in the back in order to accommodate the lace curtain which threatens to be an imperative adjunct of middle-aged bonnets.

Trimmings.

Easter will confine the reign of lace, black and white, brown and yellow, and of every conceivable quality and design. To secure the desired yellow and brownish tints in the fine laces, milliners are dipping white lace in coffee. Old point lace, too, are being utilized, tied round the rim of toques in a careless bow-knot. As the season advances heavy Irish lace will be worn.

Sheeny iridescent glace ribbons will be popular, also shaded velvet ribbons.

Flowers marvelously natural are lavishly used—violets, lilacs, hyacinths, primroses, carnations, and velvet roses shading from deepest magenta to the palest pink. These are the peculiar richness to bonnets.

Violet, mauve and cerise are the spring colors. Paris sends over striking combinations of these. Violet and cerise—a brilliant cherry—is chic, and wonderfully pleasing when well handled.

Peep at Exclusive Paris Models.

An early acquaintance with the predominating features of the newest Paris models may be of service to the woman in search of an Easter headress. In fact, exclusive shops to observe, that is to say, the trade, are doing a great deal to pique the interest of American importers, but certain makers, like the

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WOMEN OF THE PRESENT DAY

AN AMERICAN NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Bigelow Whistler, Bach and Beethoven for the Parisians.

The Post from Chicago brings weekly to Paris many things to wonder at and to admire in prospect, and, if the truth is to be trusted, the Lake City is not the best thing we know of Chicago, and town does not at present hold an exception, everybody who has seen Miss Grace Frances Bigelow, of Chicago, whistler the same thing: she is a nightingale.

Without an exception, everybody who has seen Miss Grace Frances Bigelow, of Chicago, whistler the same thing: she is a nightingale.

Miss Bigelow can warble like a thrush in a lark and a linnet, so that it would be equally suitable to tack any of their names to her own; but, invariably, the praise given her is that she is a nightingale!

American newspapers, both of Boston and the eastern cities, must already have made everybody familiar with her name and fame and face, since from a time she has been locally known as a singer, and when she grew to girlhood and began study in the Boston conservatory her talent was no sooner known than it was called to serve the various needs of concerts for the poor or maimed, gave old professors and scientists a chance to listen to her warblings.

At the young lady's own mind, her applause was found in the fact that her master, Signor Rotelli, always gave a lesson would begin: "Please, mademoiselle, whistler a for me."

Her Portrait in the Salon.

Her graceful figure and rare old face and her head crowned by a of Titianesque hair, that first caught her forward in Paris. She was now, studying music under the of her mother and brother when same before the public, owing to the criticisms—especially Mr. Al-Wolfe's in the *Figaro*—on her portrait by Seymour Thomas, which was exhibited in the salon in 1891.

The same portrait was exhibited at Royal Academy last spring.

At this time our young American was doing hard, overworking, and finally, falling down to be ill unto death, out with her mother and two important doctors pulled her.

Her recovery, which has been by long rests in Italy and at beau-Fontainebleau, she has been heard as a singer, song being her legitimate study—but as a whistler; and, of course, who have ever gone to go through the critical ordeal awaits any musician, French or in Paris, her horoscope seems to be the brightest musical and social

in the best pictures and the greatest she does not take in Miss Bigelow

is not really made just starch. But out so bravely that by her mamma's vol-

unt all who can walk, this year. And they

GINGHAM.

most counterparts of mamma when she was

twenties. The baby dress, out of were shown in a big very fine quality of was done in the same years. The neck was back, and the front and full from a wide neck. The little girl in the back was turned upon it.

At the waist line of the neck from a "baby" ribbon. The are short and consisted

in the puffed sleeves part. When the dress was starched into old colors of the dress alone. Another "extra" of Oolah wash silk. But in this case embroidered petticoat

little gowns had a hem. These were

French critics say the young siffler has a wonderful flattery future before her if she chooses to avail herself of the opportunities that Paris offers. They have no words but wonder for her whistling from Gounod. As soon as one listens to three bars, the ear is convinced of the presence of a rare organ under the control of a carefully educated musician. One great artist who heard her last week said that her carolling was new to his experience, and that he knows now that "whistling is the music of joy." But equally the whistling conveys the very essence of sadness. She whistles Gounod, and Schubert, the Traumbild of Schumann, the waltzes of Chopin and Bach and Beethoven and Mendelssohn. One cannot describe the exquisite expression and shaded tones in her performance. The charm of the whistling is that it is intellectual whistling.

It is an amusement to look at one listing to Miss Bigelow for the time.

One reads in the new face that prepares

for the musical album.

They say that all things desired gravitate toward the centered will, and here is an example. When Miss Bigelow began her musical studies in Boston, she also started to collecting all things relating to music and musical people, in the shape of photographs, printed in pictures and descriptions in type; already she has a portrait in some shape of every musician of which any portrait has been known to be made. She has also pictures of celebrated instruments and of the homes or studios of virtuosos, with written biographies and accounts of their methods.

In this way, her albums on the subject of music already reach the importance of encyclopedias, and would be or will be—if she chooses to bestow them—a great gift to any public library. Everything seems to drift to her on this subject.

To this collection she also is adding authentic, humorous stories and speeches of all the musical geniuses the world has known.

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French critics say the young siffler has a wonderful flattery future before her if she chooses to avail herself of the opportunities that Paris offers. They have no words but

with which a girl is conversant before her vocal study begins, the more rapid will be her progress and the more finished artist she is liable to be.

A Knowledge of Breathing.

"When a girl's mind is made up to become a singer she ought to think of her physical condition, for upon that rests much of the weight of her success. She should try and build up strength and on the other hand preserve her freshness.

"She wants to know how to breathe well, how to take those very long breaths that will be necessary to sustain her. She wants to develop herself by taking plenty of exercise in the open air and sunshines to eat plain, simple food and take lots of sleep—lots of it. She wants to know how to economize her vitality and only to use what is necessary from day to day.

"Here is one reason why it is imperative for her to have some one to consult, to advise her, to give her advice and apt to think and study on such matter of fact things as economy in physical strength and the value of such dry study as theory and technique. A girl needs to have some other person to explain and encourage and to keep continually before her nose those unromantic details which underlie all general success.

"Yes, I think every singer's life should be spent as much as possible in the country. Not only for her health, but to be in close friendship with nature. She wants to gain artistic ideals and what source is more abundant in suggestions of beauty than nature? Here she is better able to keep her youth unpolluted by worldly aims, mercenary views of life, and to keep her freedom from the pressure of society.

"I don't believe in depriving a young girl of all that pretty romance of her youth. There is enough that is matter of fact and purely sensible that she will have to submit to.

"A girl's happy joyousness in the open air and sunshine among everything that is lovely and wholesome in nature, is often what gives the bell-like ringing notes, clear and fresh, to her voice, and her happiness is its sweetest.

"When a girl is prepared, that is when she has a good substantial basis to build upon in good health, musical knowledge, the foundation of one or two languages, when she can read at sight, and is familiar with the best of music—then let her go abroad in a thoroughly musical atmosphere in some of the great music centers and put herself in the hands of some good teacher who will take her through the necessary voice-developing interpretation of operatic roles and carry her through the final steps and over the threshold of a professional career."

MRS. F. C. WILLIAMS.

FOR HER.

The beautiful day is dead, my love,
The gloom and gladness down:
The flowers are shut and the birds are hushed
And I sit in the dark alone.
The beautiful day of my life is dead
And buried with you, my own.

A beautiful day it has been, my love,
With showers of sunbeams down:
The world so broad and my joy so wide,
The rose of my life full-blown—
A lovely day with an earthly dawn
Could never have been, my own.

The night is dark as the night can be—
The grave of the day that's flown,
It closes around my waiting soul,
So sombre and sad and lone—
The longest night that I ever knew,
For you are not here, my own.

And what, my love, will the morrow be,
The dawns that is yet unknown?
A dreamed-of meeting? A prayer fulfilled?
The dark into glory grown?
But come what may, till we meet,
My soul seeks thine, my own!

VIVIAN CANTANE.

A LUCKY COACHMAN.

He Captures a Five-Million Dollar Widow

The Bridal Dress.

A Boston Sport.

The widow of the late Dr. Hiller, of Wilmington, who is worth over \$5,000,000, and who created such a sensation two years ago when her husband died by providing a coffin and mausoleum which cost nearly a million dollars, is going to marry her coachman, a poor, uncouth, uneducated French Canadian, who has been employed by her for less than a year. His name is Peter Surrette, but since his engagement to Mrs. Hiller his name has been changed to Henry Hiller II, in honor of Mr. Hiller, and that the name will be perpetuated. As soon as the marriage is consummated Surrette will be put through a course at Harvard University. In the mean time a private tutor has him in charge.

Mrs. Hiller's bridal dress will be the most magnificent ever seen in this country. It will be a very thick white satin, with long court train, trimmed with roses and orange blossoms. The dress will have empire sleeves and Bertha ruffles. The bridal veil will be three yards wide and trimmed in an exquisite fashion. Mrs. Hiller will wear white silk stockings and white satin slippers. Her jewelry will consist of a diamond bracelet seen except on queenies. While in her own life she has over \$10,000 worth of gems on her fingers, on this occasion she will be literally covered with sparkling diamonds and other jewels. The adornment will include an elegant diamond necklace, tiara, earrings, bracelets heavily set with diamonds and a waist belt of the same precious stones. Her reception dress will be of pearl-colored silk, trimmed with bands of pearls, with fringe and lace decorations. The traveling dress will be of white cloth with black velvet sleeves and a black band on the skirt. The gown will be arrayed in the costly evening dress with a white embroidered silk vest, pearl-colored silk gloves, white satin shoes.

He will wear no jewelry. The church where the ceremony will take place is being specially frescoed for the occasion and the floral decorations will be beautiful in the extreme.

Surrette, who, when he first came to Wilmington, was wearing overalls and chopping wood, is having six fine suits of clothes made for him and he will live like a king.

A HOST OF WITNESSES.

A Catach Cure That Rests on the Unsolicited Testimony of Thousands.

Mrs. M. J. Tamlin, Kyle, Tex., suffered ten years from chronic catarrh, tried every catarrh cure in vain; took Pe-ru-na and was completely cured. Hon. W. D. Williams, New Vienna, O., had catarrh twenty years, affecting lungs and throat; could find no cure; was entirely cured by Pe-ru-na. W. D. Stokes, Baton Rouge, La., had catarrhal deafness; cured by Pe-ru-na; can hear as well as ever. Rev. J. C. Randall, Sulphur Springs, Tex., was cured of catarrh of the kidneys by Pe-ru-na. Mrs. Thomas Weaver, Lee, Athens County, O., had chronic catarrh since childhood; Pe-ru-na effected a cure. Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, Elton, O., box 46, had catarrhal deafness; cured by Pe-ru-na; can hear as well as ever. Mrs. Dicy A. Lewis, Independence, Mo., was afflicted fourteen years by chronic catarrh; best physicians failed; took Pe-ru-na and is entirely well.

For further particulars and a multitude of other witnesses, write to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O., for a free copy of their illustrated treatise on catarrh. Pe-ru-na is also a sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, a gripe, first stage of consumption, and all climatic diseases of winter.

Longing for Excitement.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Engineer—Well, young man, how do you think that you would like this job?

Small boy—How often does the boiler blow up?

Engineer—Oh, there's no danger of that. Small boy—I guess I would want the job.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

RELOVED'S TONIC, which is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Fruit Trees Give Promise of an Abundant Yield.

AND ALL THE FUTURE SEEKS BRIGHT.

Farmers Are Turning the Sod, and Getting Ready to Plant—Some Reflections by the Old Man.

For the Constitution.

Brown has what we call a lazy grin that comes upon him with the spring and grows with the heat of the weather—it is upon him now—just sprouted.

Brown wrestles with the weather all the time. When it's cold, it's mighty nigh impossible to get him up to make a fire in the morning, and then he shivers all through the day; but, when the earth begins to get warmed up, he takes upon his face a grin that continues there more or less till time to go to shivering again; and that grin is the safest sign I have ever planted by. I shall plant corn to-morrow.

Everything is bright and cheerful on the farms, now that the clouds have cleared away. The roosters crow louder, and the hens sing all the day; the turkeys are proud, and the guineas saunter around looking up a nest. The fruit trees are blooming, and all the signs point to a good yield. The ground is being turned by the plowman; smells fresh, and is soft to the tread. All these things have charms for the countryman, and there be many in the great cities today who would like to come out with us and walk barefooted in the plowed ground, and go over the woods gathering dogwood blossoms, and up and down the little streams breaking the pretty honeysuckles. Many there be to whom this would bring up sweet memories, but they are too poor or too busy or 'oo fr'able to enter into it. The busy man needs to relax and rest by spending some of the time of this sweet season in this way, but it is the fashionable folks who need most our pity for their condition. They can't come out with us and romp over the woods and fields among the wild flowers, and drink buttermilk with wholesome other diet, for which the exercise would give relish; they must go off to the seashore or watering places and strain to keep in the swim of fashion. I think these must feel somewhat as Iuster feel when I would steal off fishing on Sunday—I was sure to take a whipping when I went home. A great number of people live in this fashionable whirl when they are not able to stand it, and it would be much better for themselves and for the world if they would come down to cheaper and healthier ways of taking rest from city strain.

Close to where we live, they have built a "watering place"—a place where the boys and girls go in bathing. I don't know how me and Brown will stand this, for marry one of us haven't seen girls in bathing since the Indians left Georgia. The Cherokee women used to go swimming along with the men, and they could dive, float, turn summersaults, or anything, as good as the men; but an Indian child was thrown into the water at a mighty early age, and it had to swim or drown. I think it would tickle me to see some ladies of Atlanta that I know turnin' a summersault from a springboard, and if they do, this summer, I am more than apt to be there—somewhere about it, if it's behind a log.

Speaking of behind a log reminds me of Brown's turkey hunt last week. The poor fellow had bated 'em several days, and he started out last Wednesday morning to get one, sure. After Brown had gone some little time, nothing would do but to get him. No amount of noise could move him down to those two marmoset bushes in that canyon. This again terrified me beyond expression. I sat there gazing at that ticket one hour by the watch, 12:30 p. m., October 19, 1892, and no bear appeared. All was still as death, and from inaction began to get chilly. No amount of noise could move him down to those two marmoset bushes in that canyon. I did not even know that one was dead, and was painfully aware that at one least was untouched. So believe that a skillful retreat is as good or better than a poor victory. I decided to return and get reinforcements in the shape of Hanks.

I did so, and when we reached the spot we advanced abreast, Queen in terror at our heels, into the thicket. We found one bear stoned dead, but the other had gone.

At this juncture another grizzly, larger than the one just mentioned, sprang from the pine thicket to my right and bounded down to the spot of the quivering bushes in the bottom of the canon, and was also lost to sight; I did not have time or opportunity to shoot it. Immediately behind me in the timber I heard the cry or wall of still another bear. This again terrified me beyond expression. I sat there gazing at that ticket one hour by the watch, 12:30 p. m., October 19, 1892, and no bear appeared. All was still as death, and from inaction began to get chilly. No amount of noise could move him down to those two marmoset bushes in that canyon. I did not even know that one was dead, and was painfully aware that at one least was untouched. So believe that a skillful retreat is as good or better than a poor victory. I decided to return and get reinforcements in the shape of Hanks.

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**GLOTHIERS
AND
TAILORS.**

CAPTURED BICYCLE.

A Story of the California Desert by John H. Whitson.

Percy Terrell began to realize the foolishness of his act in sallying forth all by himself.

The mirage expanse of the sandy desert stretched away from him on every hand until it was lost in the vast distance. Far out, wan mountains, ghostly and uncertain in outline, appeared to him to dip and swim, their bases hidden in a sea of blue haze. The grassless, treeless hills seemed to heave to and fro under the hot sun like billows—a strange, spectral landscape.

The previous morning Percy had started out on his wheel from The Needles, a town near the California and Arizona line, intending to make the run to Barbasin, in the desert, instead of waiting to take passage on the weekly stage. The distance was considerable, but he had felt he ought to have no trouble in making it on his trusty safety.

He had first fancied crossing the desert on a bicycle, and not all the dissuasions of his friends at The Needles had been sufficient to induce him to abandon the idea. He wished now he had paid some heed to what had been told him.



STOPPED BY THE LANCE.

He had dismounted for a rest, and was sitting on a gravelly hillock. He unslung his water bottle and took a short pull at it. The water was warm and disagreeable; and, worst of all, it was alarmingly low, and he had no knowledge of how soon he might get more. He had missed the only spring in that section; and, for all he knew, there might not be another on the entire Barbasin route. His progress had been slower than he had anticipated. The sand was so deep in places that wheeling was out of the question; so far the work had been extremely fatiguing, instead of being an exhilarating exercise.

Soon he remounted and again set out in the direction indicated as the right one by the little pocket compass he had been thoughtful enough to take. He would have felt better if there had been any way to determine the distance yet to be traversed. He hoped he would not be forced to make another night camp in the desert.

As he set the wheels in motion, he heard a singular clucking sound; turning half round in the saddle, he saw three Indians rise from behind a low mound and the running toward him. The sight almost took away Percy's breath. Although he knew at a glance they were Yumas, and he had been told the Yumas were peaceably disposed, there was something in their bearing that filled him with fear. He felt even more nervous when he saw two others rise from another mound a short distance ahead and place themselves in a position to intercept him.

He could not doubt they had stolen on him while he rested and were now trying to hem him in and capture him.



INDIANS TRY THE "IRON PONY."

Why they should desire to do this he could not guess; but their actions did not look friendly.

The wheeling was fairly good at that point, and Percy sent the bicycle forward at a round gait, and hoped he could elude or dash by the two Indians in front. As the bicycle obediently leaped ahead under the strong propulsion, he began to feel sure he could do it.

He swerved to the right as he neared the two Indians, and when they rushed in that direction, too, he gave a quick turn and sent the safety spinning away on a new track. Meanwhile, the three in the rear were hurrying up with all their might, and yelling in a manner to disconcert the bravest; and the two in front now added their wild cries to the hideous chorus.

"Yell away there; you red scoundrels!" Percy shouted, and with a spurt he sped by, beginning to feel he would make an easy escape. "Yell away there, and catch me if you can!"

He had seen that none of them had firearms, carrying only long lances of wood, tipped with iron.

But he boasted too soon. The Yuma nearest him lifted his lance and hurled it through the air with marvelous force and skill. Percy glimpsed it shooting toward him, and with a cry of fear, bent down to escape it.

The weapon had not been hurled at him, however. The wily Yuma had aimed at the forward spinning wheel of the safety. The blade of the lance passed between the spokes and downward into the sand where it stood imbedded, the shaft between the spokes. One of the spokes had been broken, and several others bent; and Percy had been pitched headlong over the wheel into the sand.

Before he could rise, the Indian hands held him in a vice-like grip.

Percy's grins rested on the ugly faces of the Yumas as they gathered around their captive and glanced from him to the injured bicycle.

"What do you want with me?" Percy demanded, struggling to a sitting posture and making a show of bravery. "Why do you wreck my safety that way? I'll have you punished for it."

The Indians chuckled with delight at his anger.

"Want to see 'um iron pony,' one of

them condescended to explain. "Injun want to ride 'um iron pony.' Injuns want 'um iron pony! Savvy? 'Um iron pony no eat, no drink, no think, no get tired, no git sleepy. Make bully pony for pore Injuns."

Light dawned on Percy. These Yumas wanted the bicycle for their own use. Perhaps they had seen him wheeling around The Needles on it. If so, they probably had dogged him all the way.

His spirit rose. He vowed he would thwart them. He saw that, though some of the spokes were ruined, the wheel was still strong enough to do good service.

He got up and stepped nearer, as if to inspect the damaged wheel. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and he was drawn rather roughly back.

"Injun ride 'um pony now! Mebbe little white boy sit hurt! Savvy?"

Percy smiled against his will. Compared with these Yumas, he had to confess he was a very "little white boy." All five were broad-shouldered giants of fellows, with arms and legs like bronze beams and muscles that stood out in knotted rolls of strength.

The Indian who had grasped Percy's shoulder stepped up to the overturned bicycle, drew out the shaft of the lance and swung himself awkwardly into the seat. The safety toppled over with him as soon as he tried to set his moccassined feet on the pedals. A laugh greeted his failure; but a comrade came to his assistance, and the discomfited Yuma tried again.

He seemed to find it great fun to sit in the saddle and be wheeled about on the sand, but it was impossible to keep his seat and work the wheel without aid. Another and another tried it with no better success.

If the entire performance had not been so exasperating, Percy might have seen in it much to amuse him. It was really a most laughable exhibition of awkwardness. These Yumas would have had no trouble in mounting and riding the wildest pony that ever bounded across that desert, but here they found their skill at fault. What looked so easy proved to be entirely beyond them all.

Grunts of delight or derision arose at each failure; and when one of the fellows was shot head first into the sand, and got up digging it out of his mouth and eyes, and making a wry face, the yells of his companions rose in an ecstatic chorus.

They spent more than an hour in an endeavor to conquer the "little white boy's" seat, but at the end of that time they were forced to give it up as hopeless.

"Little iron pony heap buck!" one of them explained, crossing over to where Percy reclined on the sand, and pointing to the unmanageable safety. "White boy show Injun how to ride 'um."

This was an opportunity Percy had begun to fear would never come.

"O, ride it yourself," he said with a show of scorn and indifference. "You'll learn soon."

But when the Yuma gravely shook his head and pointed once more to the bicycle, Percy arose and walked toward him with assumed indifference, though he felt his limbs trembling under him.

He examined the injured wheel leisurely, and said that, practically, it was as good as if sound. Nevertheless, he pointed to the twisted spokes, as though the trouble the Yumas had experienced lay in them.

The Yumas were watching him, and with evident suspicion. Some of them took up their lances and stationed themselves near, plainly to prevent any effort to escape.

Percy mounted. At first he rode the bicycle round and round in a little circle, all the while causing it to wobble as if it were out of order. Under his indifference he was closely watching with a wily beating heart for a chance to break past the line of lances, and send his wheel spinning across the sand. Slowly he increased the circle, adding a yard or two to its diameter at every sweep. Suddenly, seeing an opening, he made a sharp, quick turn, and, throwing all his strength into the push, made a dash for liberty.

A threatening yell arose behind, and

they were the result of their own study and experience.

They are entirely new and thou-sands testify to their efficiency.

They will do all that is claimed for them.

They have no equal and are used by no other physicians.

If you suffer from disease you want the best treatment that can be procured. Just to yourself demands that you should consult the LEADING,

MOST SKILLFUL,

MOST EXPERIENCED,

MOST PROGRESSIVE,

MOST SUCCESSFUL,

MOST POPULAR

SPECIALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

They will diagnose your case, consult you personally or by mail, give you their best advice, and if you need no treatment tell you so and charge you nothing. If your case is one that needs attention they will give you just what you need on the most reasonable terms and will not take your money without doing you good. These are Dr. HATHAWAY & CO.'s methods and they treat

several lance points whizzed past him. But the haste with which they were thrown caused them to fly wildly. None touched him; and, in another moment, the young bicyclist had spun well out beyond the yelling circle, and was flying with all speed across the gravelly waste the Yumas in pursuit.

Being splendid runners, the Indians crowded him uncomfortably close for the first hundred yards. At that point the earth became yet firmer, and, with the advantage of this better roadway, Percy rapidly increased the distance between himself and these very unpleasant acquaintances.

They hung persistently on his track, however, though at the end of half an hour they divined to mere specks. At the expiration of an hour they were no longer visible; and then Percy threw himself on the sand, feeling that he could not propel the safety another yard if his life depended on it.

The Yumas did not come into view again, probably having abandoned the safety chase; and the next afternoon Percy reached Barbasin safe and sound.

Neuralgic headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10c.

THROUGH CARS

At the Popular Queen and Crescent Route Cincinnati Limited—Leaves Atlanta 1:50 p.m., arrives Cincinnati 7:20 a.m.; Chicago 5:20 p.m.; Cincinnati, Vincennes and Louisville 7:30 a.m.; Louisville, Atlanta 2:40 a.m., arrives Cincinnati 7:20 p.m., Shreveport 8 p.m., P. M. P. M. arrives Shreveport 8 p.m., next day, connecting direct with through cars for Texas and the west, Feb. 10-11.

Impaired digestion repaired by Beechman's Pills.

Atlanta Elevator Company manufacturers of passenger and freight elevators. Call on them for anything in this line.

Jan. 15-22 sun rises 11.

Advice to West End Conductors.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A good way to make an electric car jump the track is to weigh down with human freight the rear end of the car and tip up the front end.

Want to see "um iron pony," one of

THE CONSTITUTION: ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1893

B. VIGNAUX,

REAL ESTATE SALES.

BARGAINS FOR SALE.

We have the biggest kind of an investment for a party with a little cash. Our agent has a large tract of land on the west side of town, about three miles from the center of the city, and must have some money, but he knows the value of the land and, therefore, only wants to sell a 1/2 interest in some cases.

Building lots lie beautifully, fronting on Battle Hill avenue 100 feet each, and ranging from 400 to 900 feet in depth, with 30-foot lots in rear, will pay the investor triple.

Choice building lots on Sells Avenue and Abbott street at low prices.

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